THE CHAPBOOK

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The Designs for the Cover are by Terence Prentis, who has also acted in the capacity of Assistant Editor.

Obscurity

Leonard Woolf

MOST people would say that ultra-modern literature is distinguished for its obscurity. Mr. Eliot, Mr. Joyce, Miss Sitwell, Miss Stein—to name only four names immediately rising in the memory—are they not all of the most modern, and could our fathers and grandfathers show anything among their moderns to equal either the volume or depth of their obscurity? To those questions I do not propose instantly to give either a " yes " or a " no "; I will offer only a few notes on the different kinds of obscurity, notes which might perhaps start a more serious critic on an interesting investigation.

First there is the obscurity of mere newness. The great writer who takes a step forward, or at least outside the beaten track of his own generation, is at first always obscure or difficult to his contemporaries. Personally I can remember that even Swinburne seemed to me difficult when I first read him. This kind of obscurity is always short-lived; the literary vision rapidly adjusts itself, and the new writer becomes almost immediately intelligible to the more intelligent of his own, and to the least intelligent of the next, generation.

Part of the obscurity of our ultra-moderns is undoubtedly of this kind, but even so, I think, they set us problems rather different from those which were set to our forefathers. The revolt against tradition and traditional forms is extraordinarily wide and deep. It includes the novel, poetry, rhyme, rhythm, the paragraph, the sentence, spelling, and the meaning of words. The difficulty of Miss Stein, for instance, is quite probably that she is attempting something new, but what she is attempting is more different from Conrad than Browning was from Wordsworth. Miss Stein, I take it, uses words and sentences to mean what they do not usually mean or without meaning in the ordinary sense. Her writings are therefore riddles or cyphers which remain obscure unless you can find the key. That is a different form of obscurity from Browning's or Donne's or Wagner's. Mallarmé is one of the few earlier writers who was obscure in this sense, and Mallarmé's obscurity, unlike Browning's, has scarcely grown less with time.

Mr. Joyce's obscurity is, to some extent, similar to Miss Stein's. It is difficult to see exactly what he is at, but, once you find the key to his cyphers, a good deal of his difficulty vanishes. Mr. Eliot's obscurity is also to some extent the obscurity of the riddle or cypher. You cannot understand " The Waste Land," unless you have the key to it, and it is, I think, a rather elusive key. No such key was ever wanted to unlock the meaning of Tennyson, Arnold, or even Browning. But in the case of Mr. Eliot, there are keys within keys, obscurities within obscurities. The warp of his poetry consists of extremely delicate relations between emotions, the woof is a series of subtle and often abstruse allusions.Thus you may read one of Mr. Eliot's poems and catch the general drift of what he is at, and yet again and again not be able to seize the particular allusion. " Gerontion," for instance, is one of my favourite poems, and in a sense I claim to understand it, but I would rather have to pass an examination in Plato's " Timaeus " than in " Gerontion."

There is, of course, an obscurity which comes from the depth or complexity of the author's thought. Most old authors who remain obscure to us have this kind of obscurity. The " Timaeus " is a difficult dialogue, but its difficulty comes from its subject matter, from the content of Plato's thought. Shakespeare, too, is often to my mind a very obscure writer for the same reason. It is curious that very few of the ultra-moderns have this kind of obscurity. Mr. Eliot comes nearer to it, but even he is more often obscure because of the transition from one thought to another than because the thought itself is complex. Again, there is no complexity in Miss Sitwell's thought and very little in Mr. Joyce's. The distinguishing feature of modern obscurity is in fact that every sentence is quite easy to understand in itself, and yet its meaning and its connection with the sentence before and after it escapes one.

This brings me to one of the commonest and most characteristic elements in contemporary obscurity. In all the writers mentioned above, and in many others, the reader's difficulty comes from his inability to follow the writer's transitions of thought. These writers deliberately suppress transitions which their fathers and grandfathers would have written out in full. Hence it is easy for the careless reader or for the reader whose mind is not very lively to miss a

transition, and then before he knows it, he will be floundering in a foggy sea of unintelligible sentences.

The modern technique of suppression is a subject which deserves serious treatment by a competent critic. Clearly you can get in prose or poetry by this technique qualities and textures which the ancient methods did not obtain. But there is no intrinsic merit in omission, and to set your reader guessing is not good in itself. I cannot believe that obscurity and difficulty due to the writer's deliberate suppression of thoughts that occurred to him and were necessary steps in his progress from one paragraph to another, or from one sentence to another, are necessary ingredients of good writing. There is, I think, a tendency in some of our best and most serious moderns to make what they write unnecessarily obscure, and that is a defect. When it comes, as it does in some third-rate imitators, to obscurity for obscurity's sake, we have crossed the boundary which separates modernity from charlatanry, we are already in the tiresome company of shams which is as old as the profession of letters.

Awakening

H. Stuart

I THOUGHT: The white dawn breaks
Into another day for our delight;
From our warm blood love blossoms into white
Frail radiance. But then the sky's dark brood
Bred on the wild peaks westward covered up
The light, swept over mountain top,
And the storm shakes
The wakened mind out of its certitude.

Only a tired kiss in the ruffled gloom
Remains of all that harvest of the heart
Beating between white sheets in that small room
Upon your breast, but, O love, depths apart.

The Divers

Peter Quennel

AH look,
How sucking their last sweetness from the air
These divers run upon the pale sea verge;
An evening air so smooth my hand could round
And grope a circle of the hollow sky
Without a harshness or impediment.
Look now,
How they run cowering and each unknots
A rag, a girdle twisted on his loins,
Stand naked, quivered in the cool of night.

As boldest lovers will tire presently
When dawn dries up a radiance on the limbs,
And lapse to common sleep
To the deep tumult of habitual dreams,
Each sighing, with loosened hands, as if regretfully
Gives up his body to the quiet surge.

Water combs out his body and he sinks
Beyond all form and sound,
Only the blood frets on,
Grown fearful, in a shallow dissonance.

Water strains on his hair and drums upon his flank,
Consumes his curious track,
And straight or sinuous path
Dissolves as swift, impermanent as light.

Still his strange purpose drives him, like a beam,
Like the suspended shaft of cavern-piercing sun;
Now hardier still,
With wavering hands divides the massive gloom—
A vast caress through which he penetrates
Or obscure death withdrawing ever
Veil upon veil, discovering new darkness and profounder terro

* * *

Consider you your loss; for now what strength of foot or hand
Can take you by the narrow way you came
Through the clear darkness, up again and up ?
Watch a procession of the living days
Where dawn and evening melt so soft together
As wine in water or milk shed in water,
Filming and clouding into even dullness.

* * *

Who weeps me now with pulse of noisy tears,
Who strikes the breast?
If I regret among the flowing weed
My regret is
Not vocal, cannot pierce to hidden day,
Momentary, soon quenched, like a strangled flame.

Sea Holly

Conrad Aiken

BEGOTTEN by the meeting of rock with rock,
The mating of rock and rock, rocks gnashing together;
Created so, and yet forgetful, walks
The seaward path, puts up her left hand, shades
Blue eyes, the eyes of rock, to see better
In slanting light the ancient sheep (which kneels
Biting the grass) the while her other hand,
Hooking the wicker handle, turns the basket
Of eggs. The sea is high to-day. The eggs
Are cheaper. The sea is blown from the south-west
Confused, taking up sand and mud in waves,
The waves break, sluggish, in brown foam, the wind
Disperses (on the sheep and hawthorn) spray,—
And on her cheeks, the cheeks engendered of rock,
And eyes, the colour of rock. The left hand

Falls from the eyes, and undecided slides
Over the left breast on which muslin lightly
Rests, touching the nipple, and then down
The hollow side, virgin as rock, and bitterly
Caresses the blue hip.

It was for this,
This obtuse taking of the seaward path,
This stupid hearing of larks, this hooking
Of wicker, this absent observation of sheep
Kneeling in harsh sea-grass, the cool hand shading
The spray-stung eyes—it was for this the rock
Smote itself. The sea is higher to-day,
And eggs are cheaper. The eyes of rock take in
The seaward path that winds toward the sea,
The thistle-prodder, old woman under a bonnet,
Forking the thistles, her back against the sea,
Pausing, with hard hands on the handle, peering
With rock eyes from her bonnet.

It was for this,
This rock-lipped facing of brown waves, half sand
And half water, this tentative hand that slides
Over the breast of rock, and into the hollow
Soft side of muslin rock, and then fiercely
Almost as rock against the hip of rock—
It was for this in midnight the rocks met,
And dithered together, cracking and smoking.

It was for this,
Barren beauty, barrenness of rock that aches
On the seaward path, seeing the fruitful sea,
Hearing the lark of rock that sings, smelling
The rock-flower of hawthorn, sweetness of rock—
It was for this, stone pain in the stony heart,
The rock loved and laboured; and all is lost.

WOOD ENGRAVING BY ANDRÉ DERAIN

The Lost Thrush

Liam O'Flaherty

THERE was tense excitement within the open space between the tall trees below the gamekeeper's lodge. Three young thrushes that had just left their nest were hopping about there. Their parents were perched close by, on opposite rhododendrons, uttering shrill cries and bobbing their heads.

With their beaks resting languidly on their puffed breasts, the young thrushes hopped thither and thither aimlessly, resting a long while between hops. They winked their eyes. They stretched their legs backwards one by one. They tried to stand on tiptoe and flap their wings.

Then the gamekeeper's yellow dog, asleep on a brown mat at the rear of the lodge, was awakened by the chirping. He got up and nosed his way along to see what was the matter. When he saw the birds, he raised his right fore paw and watched them for a little while, sniffing. Then his belly shivered and he uttered a series of barks, looking all around him and scratching the ground furiously. Without waiting any further, he walked back to his mat, smelling the ground casually for a rabbit scent.

But he had terrified the thrushes. The parent birds dashed to the stone fence on the right. The young ones threw themselves flat on the grass. Then one by one they spread their weak wings and took flight. They flew like gorged bats, headlong, in an arc, into the undergrowth between the trees. One landed in nettles. The other two landed among young briars.

The parent birds waited in silence for some time, until they made sure the dog had gone away. Then they flew into the undergrowth and landed on an oak tree root. They began to chirp. The two young ones that had landed in the briars answered and came forth, but the other one was nowhere to be found.

Terrified by the barking of the dog, he had crawled out of the nettles and hopped along, in order to get away as far as possible. He made a short flight across an open space into some brushwood. He remained there a long time, exhausted by his unusual exercise. His little fat breast heaved in and out regularly, as he stood on a little spot of black earth beneath a laurel branch.

He fell asleep. After a while rain began to fall. Drops fell on to his back from off the slippery laurel leaves. He awoke and hopped away to escape the raindrops. But he hopped into a quite open space where he immediately got drenched. He stood still, dumfounded and unable to escape from the monstrous attack of water. Reeling under the innumerable blows of the raindrops, he lay down and surrendered himself. His beak fell to the ground.

Then the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The sun came out again. The whole surface of the earth sparkled in the sun, like a shield. Myriads of raindrops lay like jewels everywhere, on the grass, on the leaves of the trees, on the very brink of thorns. The little thrush shivered with joy when he felt the warm sun on his back. He stood up and chirped. He spread his wings to fly, but the wings were quite useless. He could not even return them to their position on his back. They trailed along the ground with some of the big feathers sticking out. They had been loosened by the heavy rain from the skin that was still young and tender.

Trailing his wings, he hopped along. He wanted to keep moving. He was afraid to stand still and be alone. He hopped through a screen of leaves on to a little limestone road. The road was dotted with green leaves that had fallen during the rain. The trees joined overhead so that only shadows of the sunlight came through. It was cool there. The wet thrush began to shiver again. He felt weak. He stood by the roadside stupidly. The lower part of his beak dropped with exhaustion. He shook himself slightly and tried to close his beak again, but he only succeeded in sticking out his tongue. Then he could neither withdraw his tongue nor close his beak. He staggered.

A rabbit came out of the brushwood on the other side of the road. Dragging himself along over the moist road as if his hind part were paralyzed, he began to nibble at the green leaves that had fallen. He collected several in his mouth and then he sat on his thighs, on a dry spot, eating the leaves. As he ate he turned his head in all directions.

There was a savage yelp and a mad rush of soft feet. The yellow dog came rushing down the road from the lodge. The rabbit bounded into the copse. The dog lurched after him, making a noise like ice

on a pond being broken by a heavy stone. The thrush sank on to the ground to hide himself.

A little boy came running down the road, yelling to urge on the dog. When he reached the spot where the dog had disappeared into the copse, he stood still, with his head cocked to one side listening. He wiped his nose on his coat sleeve. His coat was very ragged and much too long for him.

He was about to go back home when he saw the thrush. With a joyful cry he pounded on it. The thrush bent down his head. When the boy's hard fingers closed on his plump, soft, warm body he chirped madly.

The boy shut the beak to see would it stay shut. It did. " He's not dyin'," thought the boy. " He's only drownded. I'll take him home and give him somethin' t'ate."

He placed him on the low slanting roof of the lodge and brought him breadcrumbs from the kitchen. He scattered the crumbs in front of the thrush's breast. The thrush took no notice of them. Then the boy took hold of the thrush, opened his beak and forced a crumb into his mouth. The thrush wriggled and clawed with his feet. He tried to eject the crumb with his tongue, but while doing so he tasted it and he liked the taste. He ate it and when the boy pushed his beak to another crumb, he picked it up of his own accord and ate it also.

The boy fed the thrush until he could eat no more. Then he stood a long time watching him, prodding him in the tail with a little twig and blowing at his feathers. But the thrush was very stupid with exhaustion, and he would do nothing but lie on his breast basking in the sun, drying himself and resting. The boy got bored with him. In sudden anger he hurled a large stone at the bird and walked away into the copse to hunt rabbits.

As the day wore on the warm sun dried the thrush's body and poured strength into him. He rolled on to his side and loosened his wings, so that the heat could penetrate to every pore. Every time a fresh wave of strength and warmth reached his body he shook himself and chirped. At last he stood up and began to stretch his legs backwards under his trailed wings. He hopped along to the ridge of the roof. He began to chirp.

Presently he heard an answering chirp, a plaintive call that was very familiar to him. He cocked his head sideways and listened. He heard it again. He chirped as loudly as he could. The plaintive call answered him and almost immediately he saw his father and mother flying out of the copse and alighting on a hawthorn bush about ten yards away. He uttered a tremulous chirp and flew towards them. He had not gone half the distance before he was forced to land. But his parents swooped down to meet him.

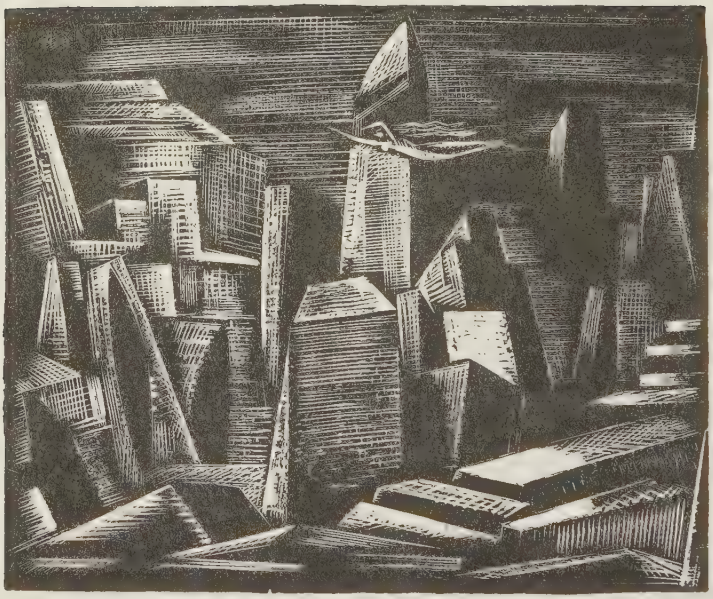
Then there were three chirping heads close together for a long time. Wings were fluttered and choice pieces of worm were pressed into the beak of the lost one that had been found again.

One of their Gods

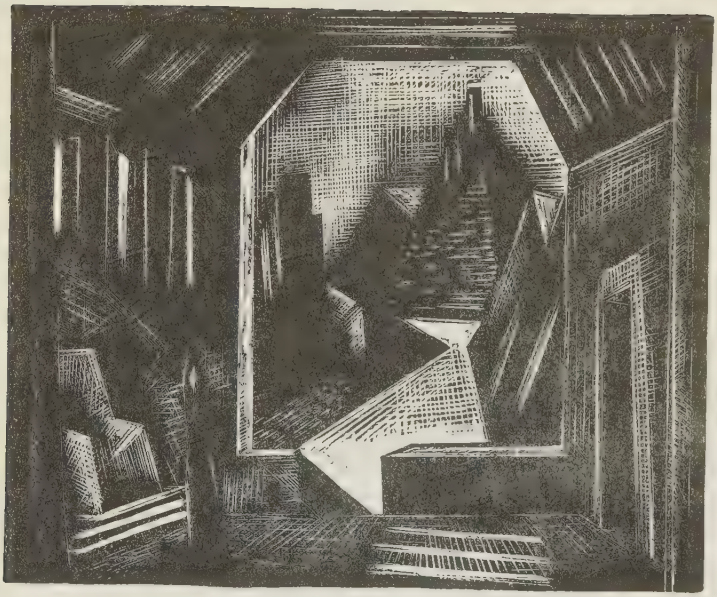
C. P. Cavafy

(*translated by G. Valassopoulo*)

WHEN one of them used to pass by the market-place
of Seleucia, about the time of nightfall,
a tall young man of perfect beauty,
with the joy of immortality in his eyes
and perfumed black hair,
the people used to watch him
and ask one another whether they knew him,
whether he was a Syrian Greek or a stranger. But some
who looked with greater attention
understood and made way;
and while he disappeared under the archways
among the evening lights and the shadows
on his way to the place that lives only at night
with orgies and drunkenness
and every kind of lust and debauchery,
they wondered which of Them it was
and for what unavowed pleasure
he had come down to the streets of Seleucia
from the Sacred and Hallowed Dwellings.



THE RHINEGOLD WOOD ENGRAVING BY PAUL NASH



THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS WOOD ENGRAVING BY PAUL NASH

From " Hippolytus Temporizes "

H. D.

Act II.—Scene I.

(A strip of sea-coast.)

Evening

PHAEDRA: O HOW I hate,
radiant, cold and drear,
Greece with its headlands,
Greece with icy fervour,
Greece with its high encounter
and endeavour,
Greece and Greek cities
for their arrogance,
each with particular grace,
each claiming god
for some peculiar ardour,
differing each from each,
yet each complete,
spirit, mind, arrogance
of small material wealth,
each soul unto itself;
is there no merging,
no hint of the east?
no carelessness
nor impetuousness of speech?
can no one greet
my south?
O glorious,
sweet,
red, wild pomegranate mouth?
O my heart breaks and burns,
yet can not conquer,
can not merge with this,
this world of radiance and rock
and ice and shale and peace.

MYRRHINA: Cease, Cretan lady,
queen of the red sands
and the imperious peak
of Ida
where Zeus reigns.

PHAEDRA: O how I hate
this world, this west, this power
that strives to reach
through river, town or flower,
the god or spirit that inhabits it;
O, is it not enough to greet
the red-rose
for the red, red sweet of it?
must we encounter
with each separate flower,
some god, some goddess?
must each peculiar hour,
dawn, day or night,
take its particular prayer?
why must we pause and bear
not only beauty
of each beautiful thing,
but suffer more, more, more,
the associated spirit with its power?
this tyranny of spirit
that is Greece;
speak, my Myrrhina,
must I long endure
this swarm of alien gods
and this cold shore?

MYRRHINA: O lady, lady, lady,
luminous more
than any spray of myrtle
or white flower
of the enchanted flowering citron-tree

that flowers and fruits
and each gleam separately,
the wax-sweet petal
by the fruit's rare gold,
listen nor count as cold
a land where purple decks your smallest ways,
where a king follows
courting through long days.

PHAEDRA: What is the dotard love
of a dull king,
Myrrhina? I know
what love might have been.

MYRRHINA: O lady, lady, lady,
luminous more
than golden spray of orange
or white flower
of pearl and fire,
the citron and its leaf,
O glorious
beyond belief,
Phaedra,
endure,
have strength a little more;
we shall prevail,
we will outrule this pallid shore
and sail
back to bright Crete,
its sun-lit slopes, its vales
of orange, citron,
its bright tree of myrtle;
we will escape,
radiant in all our power;
listen, endure,
O golden lily-flower.

PHAEDRA: We all think, every one,
sometime our power is broken,
our fame gone,
our beauty stricken,
and our graciousness
fit only for some dark and barren place,
where old, old women croak
about the loom
or pace and chatter
graceless in the sun.

MYRRHINA: Come, come
my lady,
myrrh-trees bend to bless
in Crete,
the very footfall
where you pass.

PHAEDRA: The tall myrrh-forest
of my distant land
has nothing now of loveliness,
its sand
white and pure gold
that drifts beneath the steps
of the king's built-up summer palaces,
holds no more marvellous glint,
nor any magic
lures me with old enchantments
and old songs;
O Crete shows dead and pallid
by the flame
and beauty
that has given Greece its fame.

Escape?
escape?
for me there is no place

can hide his fervour,
fervour of flame-lit face,
beauty as of the god that flees the sun.

MYRRHINA: Dearest, my lady,
do not speak of this,
O do not breathe, however faint, that name,
peace, O my princess,
think of your great fame,
remember Crete and all those palaces,
remember all the glitter of your dead,
recall the mighty pleasaunce of the king
your father,
and the blue, blue of its walls,
remember Phaedra is above all, all,
a queen.

PHAEDRA: Ah, friend,
Myrrhina,
once I might have been
proud with gold head-dress
like a flame-lit flower
or candle set in some bright altar-niche;
now I am stricken
like a flame-struck bough.

MIGRATORY FIGURES PEN DRAWING BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

Situations Required

Osbert Sitwell

OF all the professions in the world, that of a salaried friend is usually the most degrading: pernicious in its effect upon employed and employer—a declaration in common of their spiritual bankruptcy. For a poor woman to be forced to sell her friendship is infinitely more sad, infinitely more evil, than for her to be obliged to sell her body. The prostitution is at the same time more prolonged and more hypocritical. The avowed prostitute declares her infamous trade by her ways and appearance. But paid companionship is a less obvious, more subtle, betrayal of personality; a rarer, less robust, vice of weaker souls; while for an old lady to have to descend into the Agony or other columns of *The Times* in order to buy friendship is as repulsive, surely, as the spectacle of an old man buying his love in the market-place? It is a vice unexcused by any inflammation of the senses; a form of slavery, infinitely guileful, fatal and pathetic, in relation to both vendor and purchaser. It is the fraud of two undischarged and unrepentant spiritual bankrupts.

Nor is the valid excuse of *training* present, as it is in cases where companion and companioned are related. For example, those cases of invalid mother and martyred daughter, hypochondriac aunt and victim niece, so frequently met with in seaside towns, are at first sight more tragic than the plight of the paid companion, for the former reap no financial benefits, however slight, from such martyrdom. But in reality their ultimate reward is more certain: the niece, the daughter, is but passing through a hard apprenticeship, for she is learning the tricks of that intricate and difficult art which herself will one day practise. Not the faintest nuance of malice, not the most delicate shade of bad temper, is wasted on her, for these will one day be skilful weapons in her own hand. These are hereditary secrets and possessions, passed on from mother to daughter, from daughter to niece, from niece to her own daughter, for generations. And since the daughters and nieces are supposedly free agents, they reap an extra reward in the popularity of an imagined sacrifice (" She has been so good, given her whole life to looking after the old lady "), while the paid companion is " after all paid to put up with it." For those who are not in this particular bargain of mother

and daughter, aunt and niece, refuse to recognize its existence. They do not understand that the brutal ill-temper of the elder lady, the mild reproach of the younger one, are merely essays in a technique, that a properly constituted and hypochondriac elderly relative takes years to manufacture; like the Damascene blade, she must be tempered by fire, plunged in cold water, hammered by iron, constantly over a long period of years. But those who are in the bargain recognize its nature and extent. It would be a very wicked aunt, indeed, who, in breach of unwritten contract, left away her fortune (for to be as unpleasant as this it is necessary to have fairly substantial private means), a very foolish niece who, mistaking the educational nature of her martyrdom, threw away all the subtle weapons of her armoury—resignation, altruism and abnegation—and packed her truck. But each can pretend, as a climax of manœuvres that have lasted two or three months, that she will do so, without endangering her prospects, or incurring the genuine displeasure of the other, for each knows that this is merely the most effective, final and dramatic move in the whole tactical display—the big gun which is always held in reserve, and can never in reality be made use of.

But with a paid victim of alien blood, the relationship between companion and companioned is infinitely more tragic, more devastating in its effects on both. If the companion is free at any moment to give notice of the severance of her friendship at a given date, the whole basis of illusion (which is that for which she is paid her salary —" the goods," in fact) will be shattered. It is, therefore, an understood though unmentioned part of such employment that it is to continue throughout the lifetime of the elder lady: the unwritten contract can only be terminated by her death. To give notice would be " not to play the game ": for it would prevent the companioned one from venting her temper, giving rein to her malice, or indulging fully that other fault, whichever it may be, that has hitherto prevented her from making—or at any rate keeping—unpaid friends. For the companioned one is actually paying someone to be her friend, in order that she may continue unchecked in a particular line of vice so violent that no friend unpaid would tolerate it. That is why she has to pay.

And, in the case of a salaried companion, there is another powerful financial motive besides her actual emolument: a hope, never, alas! to be a certainty, of a fortune bestowed upon her posthumously by the elder lady. Unfortunately, the employer seldom feels bound to the strict execution of this part of the unwritten agreement; seldom feels morally compelled to carry it out, in the way that the mother or aunt would feel bound to their daughters or nieces. For the mother and aunt learnt their trade in the same hard school, and hold their very worldly goods on the condition, however undefined, that they enable their hereditary tricks and family secrets to be handed on down the ages, like a sacred lamp, from one generation to another. The unrelated companioned one, however, does not hold her possessions on such terms. Further, she knows that this clause of the contract often hovers in the mind of her companion. This reminds the elder lady of the very thing which it is her wish to forget—death—and accordingly irritates her the more, and drives her to further exhibitions of sulking or temper. And at each of these rather satisfactory moments of giving way to her governing vice, the employer is again reminded by the restraint and forced " pleasantries " of the companion that the latter dare not answer her back or give notice, for fear of an alteration in her will. Thus the jangling skeleton of the richer lady is forever dancing between them with a ghostly grace, clacking its castanets; while still alive her own ghost haunts her, and envenoms the relations of employer and employed.

Summer Morning in the Garden

Alec Brown

I HEAR the bee, I heard the bee,
The lavender quivered in the wind,
The droning bee incessantly
To bluish bending blossom pinned.

The wind was warm in June, the clouds
Came and came across the lawn;
The droning wanes and swells and shrouds
The rustling wind; bee, moving on,

Cramps back, frees wings and frees its head;
The shadows sway by the wall and rise,
Roof to chimney, darkness shred
To curling smoke against the skies.

The droning blood repeats the tale,
And through half-sleep beneath the sun
I see the bee as through a veil
Encircle tasting one by one

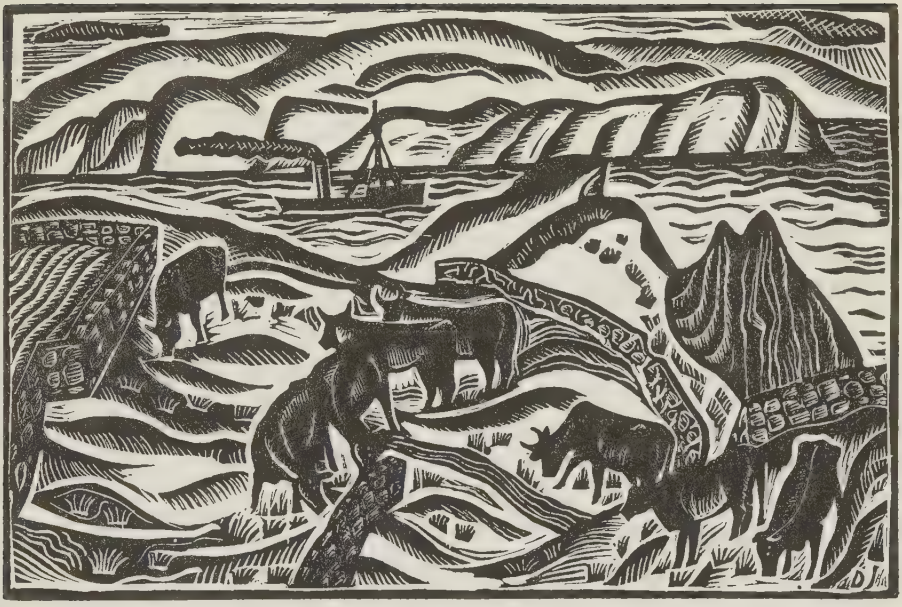
The lavender's blue shaking sprigs;
I saw the weighted stems rebend,
The bee is fastened, greedy digs;
The sun beats down, the silent end

Of morning soaring from a field;
The skylark carolling again
Commingles and contrives to wield
A hammer in a burning brain;

The clouds amass, and sudden chill
The wind against the roof of slate,
A shadow on a garden, still
The shivering leaves, and pause and wait

And turn and tide and nothing came
That hot from ill-insistent fear
With listless undesiring frame
I see all slip and disappear.

FAMILY BATHING ETCHING BY WILLIAM ROBERTS



WELSH COAST SCENE WOOD ENGRAVING BY DAVID JONES

From His Bed

Sherwood Trask

JUDAS ISCARIOT lay on an awkward bed
Cold to the toes; volcano-bowels his head
Became, from wondering why that silver-sum
Had been named, off-hand, as a price to come
And kiss the man who'd mastered most in him.
He thought, like a sand-glass, of an iron-wood limb
Or that he'd wear the greaves and mail of Rome.
Into his head, like hail, flew heath or home
Or trails that wound on East-Jerusalem's rocks
Or trails that stopped against the thwarteds' blocks.
" O God, in your cupola, look upon mad me! "
Blossoms he reached for, bark to bite,—the tree
Alone would linger in his treadmill mind,
To be gone round in once again, behind
The beckoner who named the treads and spaces.
What was his last thought? Jesus Christ's girl-graces.
Then thought must have stopped, full-tilt, in his whirlimagig
That he could go out to the garden and dig
His silver in, then take his rope and walk
To a twisted-tree, with never a thinker's balk.

The Clattering Ghosts

Sherwood Trask

AND I went clanking with ghost troops
Upon their dry-land way;
The newest trooper, drummer boy, was I,
To rattle bones on teapot lids
Or—with dead cats for drumsticks
Or a pair of stolen brooms,—
To swing my arms above and around
Like some bass drummers of Scotland pound.

" Now knock you well on newel posts
And on unputtied panes,"
A long-jawed sergeant choked.

" And mind you fetch the whetstones,"
Three lank-legged coughers croaked,
Knocking the crust from their sickle blades,
Hung like three moonlets
In misty trees,
For by rust they are worn the thinner . . .
" And cut to the right and cut to the left,"
The heartless captain cried
As, scythed and spurred, we swung astride.

" My boy," laughed the chaplain,
Plumper than the rest, " we're hell-raisers."
We filtered through the cloudlands,
We took a cloppety hill
Then, singly spread like grain-lines of reaping grasshoppers,
We drifted across a field, and under a cherry tree.
A mother lay there with a new-born boy,
A coral atoll of lovers,
A poet, a soldier,
Countless sultry folk . . .
" Them's dead tokens, kid,
Of what we go against,"
The midget bugler squeaked,
Racing his horse's hoof-shoes
Up and down a throat.
And then we clattered through hosts of stalls,
Slashing at hamstrings of the mares
Or tweaking cattle tails—
We young 'uns that is—
To fit us for our dirty duty,
Corp'rals crying, " beauty and booty! "

OLD RAPALLO WOOD ENGRAVING BY ETHELBERT WHITE

PORTOFINO WOOD ENGRAVING BY ETHELBERT WHITE

A Note on Free Verse

Richard Aldington

THE Free Verse controversy is an example of the human faculty for quarrelling. A few writers suggested certain reforms or developments in the writing of English poetry, gave reasons (good or bad) for their views, and carried them into practice. Now, the art of poetry is not popular, and the vast majority of our fellow citizens proceed in their august course from the womb to the grave without ever tasting those pleasures a few of us find, or think we find, in poetry. I mention this as a fact to be lamented but accepted. A question rises in my mind: How does it happen that so many people who never read any poetry and take no interest in poetry, all know that there is such a thing as free verse and are unanimously agreed that it is a bad thing, that it never has and never will be used by a *real* poet and never has and never will produce a *real* poem? Among all the people ignorant of poetry I have met, I have never found one who diverged from this view. On the contrary, those who did read poetry were nearly always interested and could sometimes grasp the points presented to them. I attribute this state of affairs to the progress of journalism. Those who do not read poetry do read periodicals; and the innumerable articles denouncing free verse have formed such a really scientific display of hitting below the intellectual belt that it is small wonder our sportsman-like public was immediately convinced.

So much for the free verse controversy. I am not to re-open it here. Personally I have long felt that the purely technical question of free verse was subordinate to the reform of poetic style and, above all, to the assimilation by poetry of modern thought and the complex modern mind. For the moment I propose to examine free verse, not theoretically or controversially but historically. " Historically " is too pretentious a word; what I mean is that in the course of a little unsystematic reading I have come across one or two facts which may be of interest to the impartial reader.

The clearest and most satisfactory definition (or rather, analysis) of free verse is to be found in the " Encheiridion peri metron " of Hephaestion, a grammarian of Alexandria, who has left the only extant complete treatise on Greek metres. He says:

" We call polyschematista all such metres as admit of a plurality of forms in a manner not determined by any certain rule, but variously, according to the choice of the poets who used them."

Among the various types quoted and analysed by Hephaestion I find the Apolelymena, " such poems as are written at random and without prescribed metre," and the Metrika Atkata, " such as have neither similarity to each other nor *anakyklesis*," which I take to mean that the " feet " vary at the will of the poet and that there is no repetition of the rhythmic pattern. Unfortunately, the poems referred to by Hephaestion have either perished or exist only in fragments, which the curious will find in the excellent Teubner edition of the early Greek lyric poets. I imagine that these Melic poets were all musicians, and their art was something between those of a bard, a trouvère and an improvisatore. Many of the fragments preserved have great beauty.

It seems certain that the Apolelymena disappeared with the early lyric school, though the choruses of the Attic dramatists appear to be derived from them. (This is a matter for experts to decide.) It seems fairly certain that the Romans did not appreciate these exquisite poems, and therefore seldom troubled to copy them. The Roman love of arbitrary order is strikingly apparent in classic Latin poetry, which has had so powerful an influence on the European vernacular poetries. I think it not over-straining the evidence to say that something strangely similar to modern free verse at least in form existed in the Greek islands about the sixth century B.C.

With the decline of the Roman empire of the West some remarkable novelties were introduced into Latin poetry. Christian fear and hatred of pagan culture caused the substitution of accent for quantity and the regular use of rhyme, rejected by classic taste as vulgarities. Of course, verse on the classic models was written long after the introduction of these novelties and still lingers as the sport of dons. The power of these novelties was seen some centuries later when the first vernacular poems were composed; quantity was lost, rhyme and assonance triumphed. I am not competent to talk of eddas and sagas and other poetic productions of the invaders of the Empire. Anyone can discover that the early Anglo-Saxon poems had no rhyme and apparently no formal metrical schemes;

they had a terrifically strongly marked accent, and stressed it still further by alliteration. The poetry of Provence (langue d'oc) was totally different and aimed at effects of a purely æsthetic kind by means of extremely complicated rhyme patterns.

Meanwhile, about the ninth century a sort of free verse was invented by the monks of the abbey of Jumièges. This arose from a musical necessity. The " Alleluia " was prolonged through so many notes that the choir could not remember them. Words were invented simply as a means of remembering the music, but were gradually evolved in the tenth century into poems. (Our own " Vicar of Bray" is a pre-Reformation *Kyrie Eleison*.) These " proses " or sequences were sung as late as the sixteenth century. The florescence of medieval art-forms was checked by the Renaissance, which reimposed the classic Roman discipline on poetry, with this difference —that the study of neglected Greek models showed a way to variety. In Ronsard, for example, we have a variety of metres, reduced severely by Malherbe and again by Boileau. But in the sixteenth century Italy invented and England perfected, the use of blank verse, especially for the declamatory purposes of dramatic poetry.

The brief course of Elizabethan drama coincided with a rapid development of blank verse, which time and again seems trembling on the verge of free verse. Marlowe's monotonous " drumming decasillabon " passed into the fertile variety of Shakespeare and that, always tending to escape the rocking-horse iamb, moved into the looser rhythms of Fletcher and Massinger. Finally, just before Milton fixed our blank verse for generations, we had a sort of dramatic free verse:

> Whither, whither,
> Thou fleeting coward life? Bubble of time,
> Nature's shame, stay a little, stay, till I
> Have look'd myself into revenge, and star'd
> This traitor to a carcass first!
> It will not be—
> The crown,
> The crown, too,
> Now is lost, for ever lost.

O! ambitions 's but an *ignis fatuus*,
I see, misleading fond mortality,
That hurries us about, and sets us down
Just where we first begun.

Milton's " Samson Agonistes " just touches the Greek tradition through a kind of pedantry. Obviously Hephaestion is referred to in the preface, where Milton says: " The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to strophe, Antistrophe or Epode—which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music . . . or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allæstropha." Now, whether Milton wrote in this " measure " because he found it described by the Greeks, or whether he wrote it first and then used Hephaestion as an authority to smash fools with, are questions I do not pretend to solve. The " Samson Agonistes' " choruses are but timid experiments, hardly ever emancipated from the iambic movement of blank verse and underpinned with rhymes. Yet it is at least interesting to see that English Renaissance poetry had evolved a kind of free verse which was pressed back again by French influence acting through Dryden. One cannot regret this; our poetry would be the poorer for the loss of Dryden and Pope, and it was absolutely necessary for them to believe that there was one way of writing poetry. Only with the Romantic movement came the acceptance of the fact that poetry might be written in many ways, and only since the French vers libre movement of the 'eighties have poets generally recognized that free verse gave them at least an additional instrument of expression. (The vers libres of La Fontaine and the French eighteenth century were essentially different from the vers libre of Kahn and the Symbolistes.)

The problem of prose poetry, especially of the Romantic period, I shall entirely pass over here, only remarking that we may possibly exaggerate the poetic qualities of Romantic prose simply because we still tend to identify poetry with Romanticism. The number of those who have cast out from their poetic systems the sweet poison of Romanticism is even now extremely small; and I will freely confess

that there are moments when I am entirely seduced by Chateaubriand and Byron.

I am afraid that those who would like to claim modern free verse as " classic " will have to admit that its modern origins are " romantic." The prophetic books of Blake will, of course, be familiar to every reader of this note; but he is less likely to be familiar with the following:

> How beautiful is night!
> A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
> No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
> Breaks the serene of heaven;
> In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
> Rolls through the dark blue depths.
> Beneath her steady ray
> The desert-circle spreads,
> Like the round ocean, girdled with the Sky.
> How beautiful is night!

I can recommend the preface of the fourth edition of " Thalaba " (from which the above lines are taken) as a sensible explanation of " the pleasure " a poet may find " in this rhythm." Whoever criticizes Southey's taste, none will dare to call his honesty in question.

I have written of Whitman elsewhere that " his pioneering among democratic vistas led only to a cul-de-sac, inhabited by Horace Traubel and his little soft hat; Edward Carpenter and homosexual Socialism; Sandburg, Lindsay and Masters, in their triple rôle of journalist, sensationalist and bore."

Only Emerson and Heine remain to be mentioned before the modern international free verse movement. Yet I am not sure that we might not claim certain of the Cinquecento poets as at least forerunners of free verse (and possibly the inspirers of Milton?). At any rate, the verse of " Aminta " and " Il Pastor Fido " is a sort of rhymed free verse, more beautiful, more delightful, more capricious than La Fontaine's charming vers libres.

The modern free verse " movement " (to use an absurd phrase) has spread all over Europe and South America with extraordinary

speed. The United States, and even England, have produced free verse poets; or, shall we say, writers who have produced free verse. One by one the obstructionists have lapsed into silence or their arguments have been silently refuted by practice. Five years ago it used to be said that " no long free verse poem had been or could be produced." Who dares say that now?

The people who fought the first battles for free verse twelve years ago in England were always convinced that they would capture the sympathy of new poets. This has proved to be true. It was never our claim that free verse would supersede all other poetic measures; we only claimed that it was an additional " vehicle " which had great possibilities for poets who cared for style and for modernity.

WOOD ENGRAVING BY G. BISSILL

SHIPS WOOD ENGRAVING BY CONSTANT LE BRETON

To Columbus

John Gould Fletcher

I

THESE were the seas that you knew, and these were the ways that you followed
In your Genoa of the close narrow streets, where the sails flapped against the fronts of the houses;
The wave of the Mediterranean, evenly spaced, foamless wave ever advancing and never returning,
This was the power that lured you on, and perhaps also the tale of some yellow-shawled Arab sailor
Whose dark brown sunken eyes burned strangely at you, kindling with sullen fire
Above his wrinkled cheeks, weathered by tropic tempest.
He spoke to you of Cathay and the way thither, from the ports that open on the red desert,
Of Travancore and of Ind, of Taprobane and of the valley of spices.
And your eyes were taken away from him as he spoke, they went seeking the far-off horizon
Taut as the string of a violoncello played upon by the light; above it opal-fired clouds were gathered
Piled high like the mountain-tops of dark islands waiting for an eternal conquest.
This was the land that you loved, that you left, that you did not see again:
The land of the grey-green olive climbing the hills in high terraces, of the black cypresses following in procession like monks in cowls, of the umbrella pines climbing to the tops of the mountains.
You left it for a harsher land, for Spain of the Kings, sunburnt, grey, desolate, a land where for seven hundred years the ice-flame of the Cross had struggled with the soft moony splendours of Islam.
You left it for the opening to the unknown ocean where pink Jebel el Tarif glares at Africa opposite, couchant and yellow and sullen,

You left it for the purple-green Gulf Stream breaking about you
in foam, for naked brown Indian girls strolling amid palms,
for solitude, glory, and silence.

II

When you had abandoned the land's last horizon,
When you floated to tropic waters,
When the wave took you not knowing whither you would go, when
the wind in your white sails was silent,
And you abode in the midst of the seas
Like a swimming fish floating at the centre of a great nacreous shell
dyed with all colours,
Then to you pacing the tiny deck of your caravel, each distant cloud
grew a portent,
Each floating weed promised an island,
Each shifting sea-breeze came laden with perfume of flowers and
spices,
And the sea-turtles swimming about you through the blue depths
below raised ever your hopes for a landfall.

The birds flew hither and thither,
The yards on the tall masts were righted,
The breeze failed and slackened, the sea ran like a river, the wind
was adverse,
The men greeted you with scowls or with smiles, there was thunder
in the air every morning,
Each day brought a new world closer.

You sailed onward from death to life and back to death again a
hundred times,
You trembled at the oncoming of darkness,
The sun shutting his gates of orange and rose before you with a
clang as of breaking metal,
The men crossing themselves as the lantern was hoisted to the
maintop,
And each sunrise found you pacing the deck all alone with pale face
and sweat-darkened hair.

It was pride, pride of faith, that still there upbore you,
Pride in your Genoa the superb, pride of a steel blade tempered in
Spanish fires of conquest;
You tore up the tottering cross and you bore it,
You the new Christopher, over the streams of the ocean,
In your pride exulting at the sufferings of the dying man hanging
upon it,
For in truth you were bearing the black sins of Europe to a land
where no sin had yet been.

Le Jour et la Nuit

Jean Cocteau

MA maison dans Paris et Paris dans la France,
La France dans l'Europe, objet de mon tourment.
La mer, Louis quinze ou seize de préférence,
Déploie le luxe fou de son ameublement.

Le duc de Westminster relance Mélusine;
Son cheval et ses chiens coulent du haut des haies,
Et de Brocéliande il visite l'usine,
Complimentant la fée avec un air distrait.

Papillons de l'enfance, êtes vous mains d'aveugle?
Vous tâtonnez au seuil de la porte des fleurs.
La garniture faite en aveugles de Breughel,
Reconnait au parfum la place des couleurs.

Dieu range ses petits instruments de musique
Pour la nuit sur les doigts des grandes feés tragiques;
Il endort même, sous son givre solennel,
La vitesse vouée aux yeux bleus des tunnels.

Dormez Cocteau; de vous la terre est un peu lasse.
Car Jésus, renversé par son meilleur ami,
Egoutte sur le monde, à ses pieds endormi,
Son cœur plus solitaire et plus rouge que l'as.

Footfalls

T. Sturge Moore

With grateful acknowledgment to Paul Valéry

TOWARD my couch with tread demure
Bare feet now approach, now tarry:
To enfold the boon they carry
Night attends void and secure.

—Slower! yet, keep coming still!
Linger and enchant me ever!
Lo, the met and loved have never
Promised all the longed-for will!

Would two avid lips now close
With mine trembling to receive them?
Yet reluctantly retrieve them!—
Long should balm precede the rose.

Silence deep and virginal,
I but lived by waiting for thee
And must soon perforce restore thee
Heart whose beat was thy footfall.

I am within a Room

Frank Strange

I AM within a room, and now will feel
Shadows moving to the walls. The glow
Behind these evening trees is no more real
To me than is the morning glare. I know
Leafless branches, broken window-bars,
And passing birds, no more; their filigree
Is fading and will hold the early stars
No longer. So the dusk shall carry me
Where night, perhaps, for ever falls upon
Old and silver men who leave their day
Behind them, noon for man is never gone,
And where the young may call the dawn away
To be their own always.

Here are the Needed Ways

Frank Strange

HERE are the needed ways of making,
Telling, ending, and putting aside
Tales —— I begin when days are breaking,
Never to stop until wind has died.
(Wind is a workman, blossom-waking;
Dusk lies under his limbs as a bride.)
Over my ways the trees may ponder,
Waving their dark, green fingers like fools;
I never leave my tales, to wander
Down through the dell to the primrose pools.
In my rough walls of windy plaster
Oak is grey with salt in the air
And never a fire. But so I work the faster
Alone with the growing books that hold me there.

To an Old Lady, Dead

Siegfried Sassoon

OLD lady, when last year I sipped your tea
And wooed you with my deference to discuss
The elegance of your embroidery,
I felt no forethought of our meeting thus.
Last week your age was ' almost eighty-three.'
To-day you own the eternal over-plus.
These moments are ' experience ' for me;
But not for you; not for a mutual ' us.'

I visit you unwelcomed; you 've no time
Left to employ in afternoon politeness.
You 've only Heaven's great stairway now to climb,
And your long load of years has changed to lightness.
When Oxford belfries chime you do not hear,
Nor in this mellow-toned autumnal brightness
Observe an English-School-like atmosphere . . .
You have inherited everlasting whiteness.

You lived your life in grove and garden shady
Of social Academe, good talk and taste:
But now you are a very strange old lady,
Stiff, sacrosanct, and alabaster-faced.
And, while I tip-toe awestruck from your room,
I fail to synthesize your earth-success
With this, your semblance to a sculptured tomb
That clasps a rosary of nothingness.

Two Hawaiian Poems

Padraic Colum

I—SANDALWOOD

SANDALWOOD, you say, and in your thoughts it rhymes
With Tyre and Solomon; to me it rhymes
With places bare upon Pacific mountains,
With spaces empty in the minds of men.

Sandalwood!
The Kings of Hawaii call out their men,
The men go up the mountains in files;
Hands that knew only the stone axe now wield the iron axe:
The sandalwood trees go down.

More sandalwood is called for:
The men who hunt the whale will buy sandalwood;
The Kings would change canoes for ships.
Men come down from the mountains carrying sandalwood on their backs;
More and more men are levied;
They go up the mountains in files; they leave their taro-patches so that famine comes down on the land.

But this sandalwood grows upon other trees, a parasite;
It needs a growing thing to grow upon;
Its seed and its soil are not enough for it!

Too greedy are the Kings;
Too eager are the men who hunt the whale to sail to Canton with fragrant woods to make shrines for the Buddhas;
Too sharp is the iron axe!

Nothing now will ever bring together again
The spores and the alien sap that nourished them,
The trees and the trees they would plant themselves upon:
Like the myths of peoples,
Like the faiths of peoples,
Like the speech of peoples,
Like the ancient creation chants,
The sandalwood is gone!

A fragrance in shrines—
But the trees will never live again!

II HULA MASTER

THE old back-turning world passed him by,
The world that left Columbus in his cell,
And Belisarius begging from his curb,
And Clown Grimaldi weeping lonely tears.
But he knew not these names that mean for us
Fortune's wheel turned: his Columbus sailed
Up the Pacific in canoes were hollowed
In Hawaiiki with the greenstone axes,
In Hawaiiki in the old lost days!

I found him once, old game-cock on the roost,
Watching with shuttered eye, and had him take me
Where Laka was not—
Laka, the goddess of the green-branched altar—
Where he was master of a dance was merely
Bellies like millstones turning; yet he sat there
Like some great virtuoso who 's once more
Before his audience; he wore the *ilima* wreath,
And from the *ipu*, from the gourd he rattled,
Came sounds as strange as echoes—
Came sounds like echoes from Hawaiian caves. . . .
. . . Far, far within the dance is for the King,
The wreaths are smelling like an isle of flowers,
And like an isle of seabirds rising up
The dancers move, and he is there, the master. . . .

The crocus-yellow *ilima* groves above
His grave; 'tis where canoes once sailed
For Bolutua and the southern seas;
His house is overgrown, that quiet house
That had an old man sleeping on its mats.

Ancestors

Robert Graves

MY New Year's drink is mulled to-night,
And hot, sweet vapours roofward twine.
The shades cry gloria with delight,
As down they troop to taste old wine.

They crowd about the crackling fire,
Impatient as the rites begin.
Mulled porto is their one desire,
Porto well-spiced with nutmeg in.

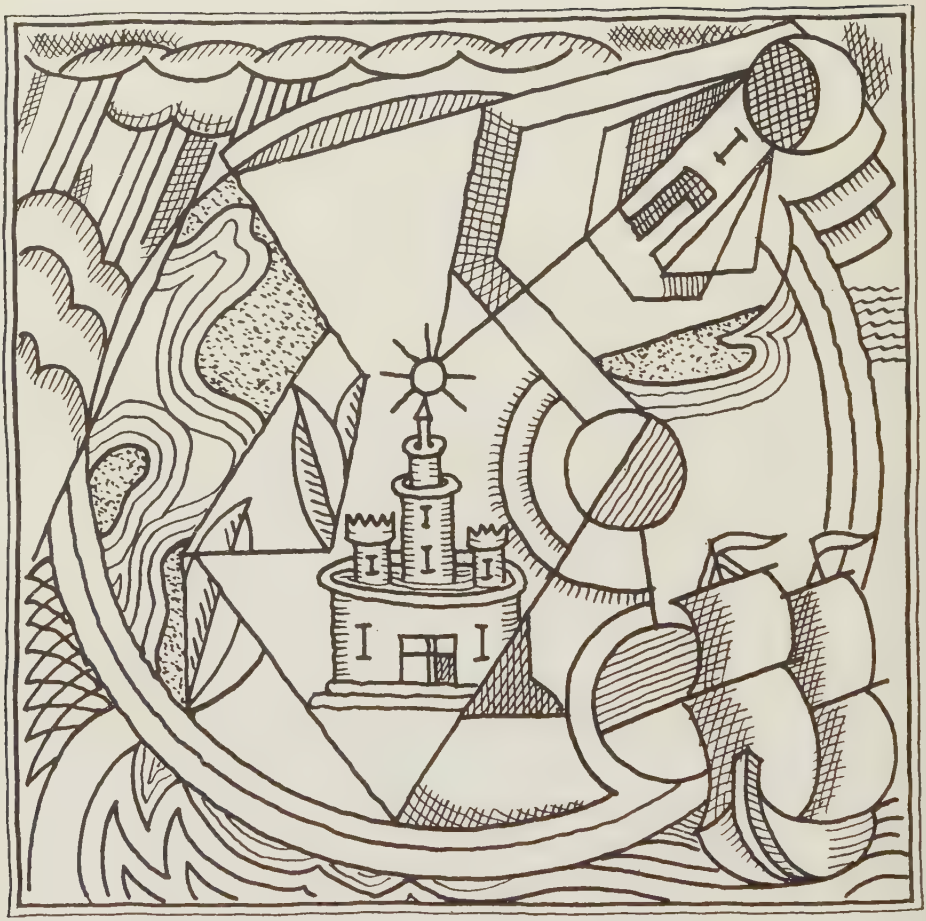
" Ha! " cries the first. " My Alma wine
Of one and seventy years ago."
The second cheers: " God bless the wine! "
The third and fourth like cockerels crow.

They crow and clap their arms for wings;
They have no pride or breeding left:
A grey beard, a tall youth who sings,
A soldier with his cheek-bone cleft.

O gloria! for each to-fro shape
That whickered like a candle-smoke,
Fixed and made ruddy by the grape,
And mirrored at the polished oak.

I watch their brightening, boastful eyes,
I hear the toast their glasses chink:
May this young man in drink grown wise
Die as his forbears died, in drink.

Their reedy voices I abhor,
And I am young and yet unhung.
I fling my mullings on the floor.
Let them lap grovelling, tongue to tongue.



PHYSICAL ELEMENTS
OF THE WORLD

PEN DRAWING BY
E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

Cupid's Everlasting Honeymoon

Herbert Read

(From " The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche ")

THROUGH the air they passed in rhythmic flight, their level, languorous approach to Earth interrupted by amorous (alone by amorous) curvettings of mutual love. For a while they lingered on the phosphorescent edge of a shelly cloud; a swarm of cherubs, their mica wings glittering in the sunrays, shed silvery laughter, wet, limpid, lilting in the aerial cloud-caverns. Away on a rocky thunder-cloud the aventurine cock of holy Peter opened his beak and screamed. The lark that had carolled evenly now rested beneath arched grasses.

Through space-devouring time the lovers flew. The ghosts of flowers, plumes of steam, the wings of fishes, Balthazar's frankincense, the fire of Etna, the flesh of Icarus: bedded their imperceptible path. Above the city of Amiens they hovered and descended into a bar. At the dispensary of cocktails a woman was seated reading a mystic page of Hermas, and waiting for the other end of a bracket which somewhere she had missed. She wore a rich brocaded robe, straightly sloping over her featureless body: only her pale arms emerged: wavered: like birch saplings in a winter landscape.

She was seated beneath a crystal chandelier lit with a few candles which ran their merry light among the clustered drops. Her curious rings repeated these reflections, drawing into prominence thin, yellow hands: hands like an ivory Madonna's, you might think: hands yellow with tobacco stain.

At the round porphyry tables a few soldiers. One with a shaking finger drew a system of trenches in the beer slops. A weary hubbub of voices drifted about with the tobacco smoke. Did I ever tell you (the finger's voice was heard above the rest) what prodigious armies we had in Flanders. . . . Someone rattled dominoes: a frightened subaltern, mistaking the noise for machine-gun fire, blanched and momentarily trembled.

Psyche would like a cherry cocktail. How unnecessary! (snorted the barmaid, tossing her locks). Cherries in wartime: the very idea! Cupid rebuked her for her impertinence and led Psyche across to the frightened subaltern, who was combing his hair with his

fingers, and muttering into his breast: Futile. . . Futile. . . Poor lad: Psyche yearned with an almost human sympathy. Two bloody years (he looked up and went on). Can't you understand? I'm sick of it all. I want it all to end: at any price. I want to get back. There is so much I want to do!

A mess-cart clattered through the cobbled streets outside: muffled: the bottles behind the bar clinked sullenly; but near.

And the subaltern, noticing Psyche's discomfiture, said of the barmaid: She is Isaiah's harlot, the virgin daughter of Babylon, that shall no more be called tender and delicate. Europe is fallen, fallen, and is become a habitation of devils and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. But I must go: if I talk scriptures I shall be shot.

He made as if to leave, but Psyche restrained him: she would pour balm on his spirit and shelter him in her everlasting liberty. Let the devils rage (she said) and let every foulness flourish till the land is a land of ashes. Then a river of clear water shall flow and wash away the black crust of ashes: it shall germinate the buried seed, and the tree of life shall flourish again.

And Cupid said: Your abominations are born of the flesh: we alone, who are children of the sun, are free. Seek to be born again, and to become like us.

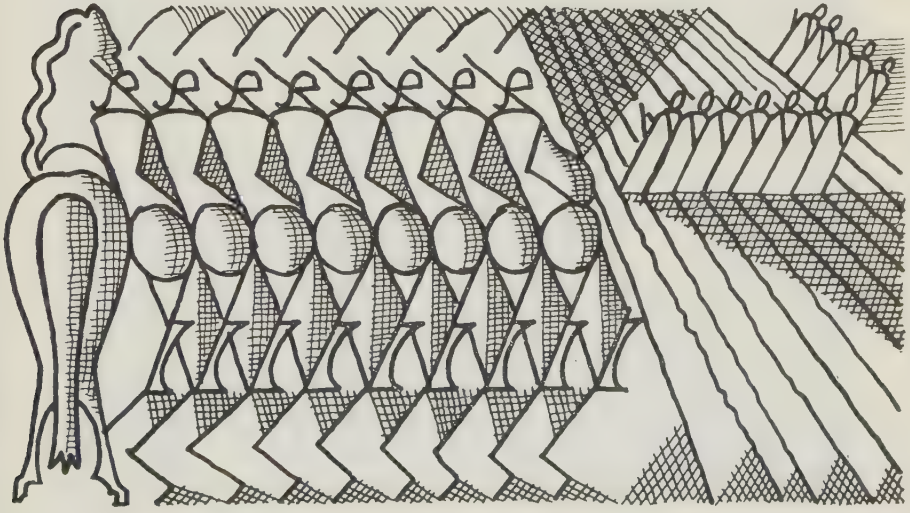
A common soldier was writing with his tongue and a pencil: " Dear Old Pal,—I hope you are in the pink, as this leaves me at present. I am having a quiet half-hour in one of these estaminets, as they call them. You should see the tart what serves the grenadines. You wouldn't half be jealous, not half! But don't be frightened, dearie, I wouldn't touch her with a barge-pole. There is no glass in these here windows, just old bags. Remember me to Jinnie, and don't forget when I come home. . . ."

It was then that Cupid and Psyche (existing in their own sphere of time) heard a distant, slow, advancing whimper of sound. It might be the cry of a falling angel. When I looked up Cupid had risen into the yellow gloom that radiated above the massed sparkles of the chandelier. He hung there horizontally, like an amorino in some engraved ornament of the Renaissance. There he waited for the climax of that sound.

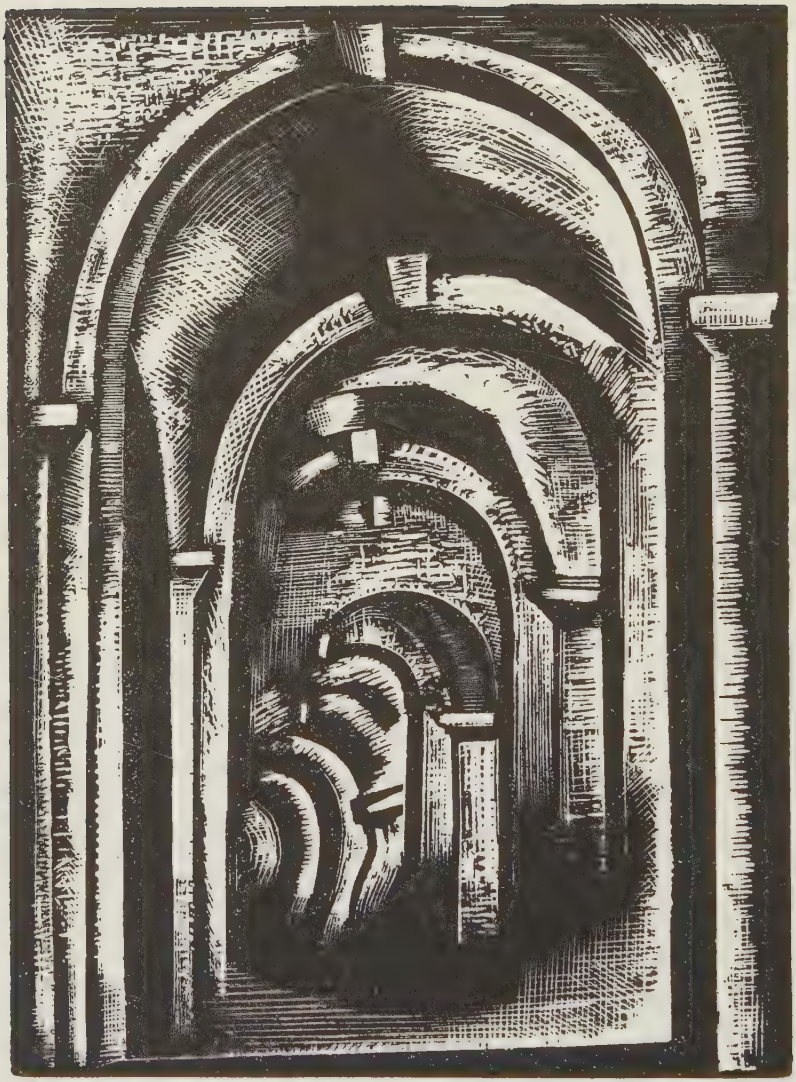
There were so many events in that little cubicle of space. Can I ever be sure that I saw them all? In our sorry scheme of time, the gamut of that sound was short and shrill: the detonation sickening, frame-shuddering. So many events: but really I only remember one. I think I saw those pale, sapling arms raised to meet the uprush of death: I think I saw the flesh bloodless against the explosive blast, break like a clown's hoop to reveal the white, incandescent bone. Then I, too, bent before the agony . . . and only *heard* the crystal drops of the chandelier raining down to make a cairn for the barmaid's body. The outer ruins rumbled about us: a disconnected racket: a roll of thunder like Nietzsche's moustache.

* * * * * * * * *

I alone of the living was alive. When the last wraith of acrid smoke cleared above the crystal mound, gone were the non-substantial bodies of our heavenly guests: in that wraith the shadowy limbs of Psyche were involved.



TRANSMIGRATION OF THE NATIONS EVERY SIX HUNDRED YEARS PEN DRAWING BY E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER



ARCHES WOOD ENGRAVING BY PAUL NASH

Romantic Fool

Harold Monro

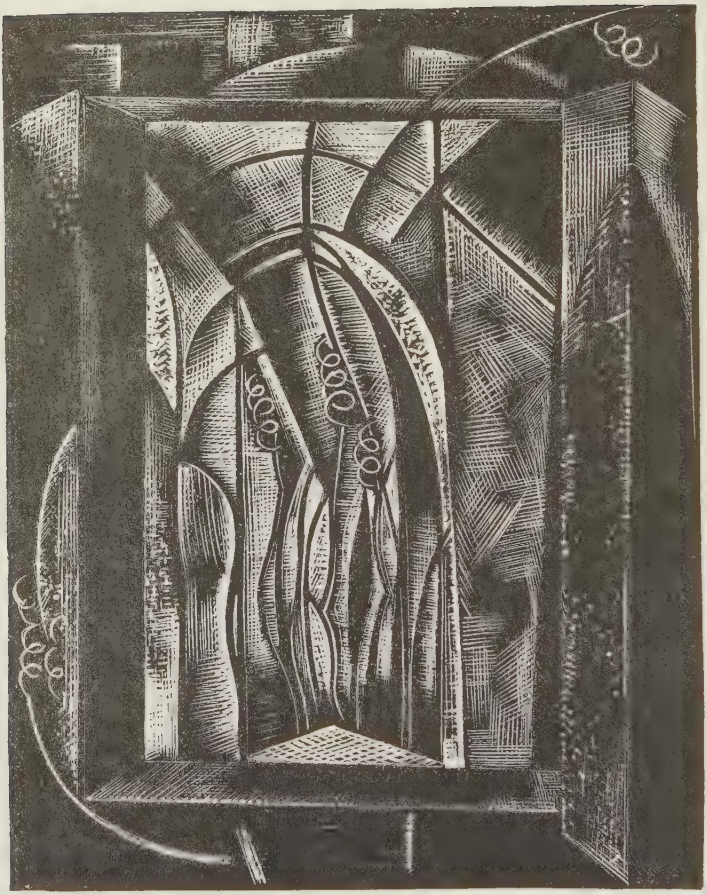
Romantic fool who cannot speak:
You are distant like a white cold cloud.
You pasture on the April sky.

I meet you with my head half bowed,
And wonder if you wonder why.
There has not been a single day
My eyes have dared look straight your way,
Or mix themselves with yours in play.

Your beauty makes me cringe in fear,
And flinch, as I have always done,
When some bright danger glittered near
Or eyes were dazzled by a sun.
Supposing I should say a word
Just whispered lowly, as a bird,
While passing, and you smiled—and heard.

O then I fear that I might spring,
Utter some unearthly cry,
But drop my clipped and awkward wing,
Dumb, while you stared, and slowly I
Should have to pass your beauty by,

Becoming, like that bird, I think,
Beady-small, but vision-clear—
The epochs in between a sleep
Devoted to your being near,
Though your known face between my dreams
Is absent always, as it seems,
And I remain through week and week
Romantic fool who cannot speak.



WOOD ENGRAVING BY PAUL NASH

Great Distance

Harold Monro

HOW can you be so far away?
When I have been in pain before
I've found you standing just outside
My body's door,
In patient silence waiting there,
That I might feel your spirit near.

But now, with every breath I take,
It seems that you have farther gone,
And I become more wide awake,
And more alone.
In all this world there is no light;
No open doorway here to-night.

I lay my body on the bed,
And cross my arms, and think of death,
And think, nine hundred miles away,
You draw calm breath.
At last, imagination through
That distance reaches out to you.

Now you are leaning on your hand,
And staring at an empty book.
You raise your eyes; you understand:
I feel your look
Pierce through me. In this foreign place
You reach me, and I know your face.

I swear that then our hands did touch,
And all my fainting pain is gone;
I know that you did touch my hand.
Each is alone.
Yet loneliness begins to seem
Like sleep, and will become a dream.

Citizens at a Citizen's Funeral

Alec Brown

I

THIS is the vale of the shadow of death,
The road that leads from the Town Hall out
Down Castle Hill by the quarter of the poor,
Past the malt-house chaff blown about,
To the Borough Cemetery, to the opened door,
The vale of the shadow of death.

The paving greasy, shielded from the sun,
Horses' hoofs clanked echoing behind,
Draywheels jolted sliding aside,
Clearing way for the funeral begun
Eagerly stepping, easily and even,
Now past the malt-house, down Castle Hill,
Whither so many peacefully have gone
Screwed in, quiet, coffined up and still.

II

As I crossed the road I saw the mourners,
Slowly voluptuous, shiny and black;
A wave of gentlemen creeping up the ages
Hat in hand, following the back
Of a sober clergyman turning over pages;
And a wave of matrons creeping up the ages,
Pacing the vale of the shadow of death
With sweetly bated breath:

Lo, a sound of voices holy,
Lo, the sumptuous feast is nigh

Broken by the graveyard bell, steady, dry.

III

I saw the mourners as I followed slowly
Stoop in devotion rubicund and sound,
All the many black-becoated gentlemen
Loose for a moment from the daily round
Glance aside at busy distant pavements,
(They pass exposed to every eye)
Observe their fellow citizens are working,
And furtively hand creeps to tie:

Did I lock the door behind me,
Is the key hung on the nail behind the door?

I saw a mourner as I lingered watching,
His silk hat dangling loose before his thighs,
Glance suddenly aside at all the others,
The haunted-hare look moist in his eyes:

There they approach, the sober honest gentlemen,
Creeping in dignity out of the past
To bury composedly something inanimate—
They who will succeed it, rotting too at last.

IV

Ah, what shall I do, where hasten
To repair the ages
With gesture of government,
Permanent, sure,
I, lost in a whirl of eternity,
Turning eyes backwards,
Hanging keys on nails behind the door?

V

I idle along to the end of the journey,
And see them huddle together and hesitate,
Hanging back, making way for the ladies,
Mutely bewildered:

So soon at the gate?

All looking inward in boneless surprise:

So soon come to the cemetery gate,
So near the end?

We rattle the gravel,
We hear the wind in the ragged yew-trees,
By tidy paths
We slowly advance, held on alien knees.

Now at the grave,
Stepping carefully, skirting scattered clay,
Taking positions
Each his befitting distance away.

Eyes haunt the bright wood,
And count the brass screws;
Furtively wander
Counting the branches of the ragged yews.

Now they lower it,
Now the diggers with spades step out,
Pull free the muddy ropes,
Don caps, fill in; all is over, turn about.

VI

Ah, what shall be done,
Ah, what shall I do,
Shouting in an empty cemetery
As I remember a dead man
With nicety steeling the knife
At Sunday table.

Ah, what shall I do,
As I labour here to find
More than I am able!

VII

At six the municipal council in meeting
Will rise in silence to honour the dead,
All men standing burdened with the ages
While the halting praise is said.

The council chamber walls weigh outward,
Hung in portraits of the great;
Citizens who laboured truly
Building city, county, state.

For these have trod all petty things beneath them,
Faithfully governing plenty and need
In trust of God and immortality
With measured word and sober deed.

The men about the table stiffen,
Looking at the empty chair;
This man striving through a lifetime
Building walls against despair!

They, the inheritors to labour
Following glorious men, stir now,
Shivering in corporate emotion
And register a vow.

VIII

Maisie talks about her clients
Who are all respected men:—
Honest magistrates and merchants
Creep into her den.

Thus she recommends her graces—
Open-hearted, careful, clean,
Never prone to make a scandal,
Let a man be seen.

Maisie has a tender manner
Mothering the sober men
Who in half-bewildered passion
Creep into her den.

Maisie from the weekly paper
Cut the funeral page and lay it
Hidden in a scented satchel
From the light of day,

With the picture of her mother
And other treasured things that seem
In her honest heart to weave
A roseate dream.

IX

In the widow's house
The window-blinds are raised again,
Letting in the daily light;
All these days' pain
Separated by a night.

Morning passes in the round
Of customary household cares;
But evening brings not the awaited sound
Strained for unawares.

This is the hour no one will come,
No one coming home again,
There is no one to come
Ever again.

See,
This is left,
This is that which was he:
There he would sit staring into the fire,
That was his chair.

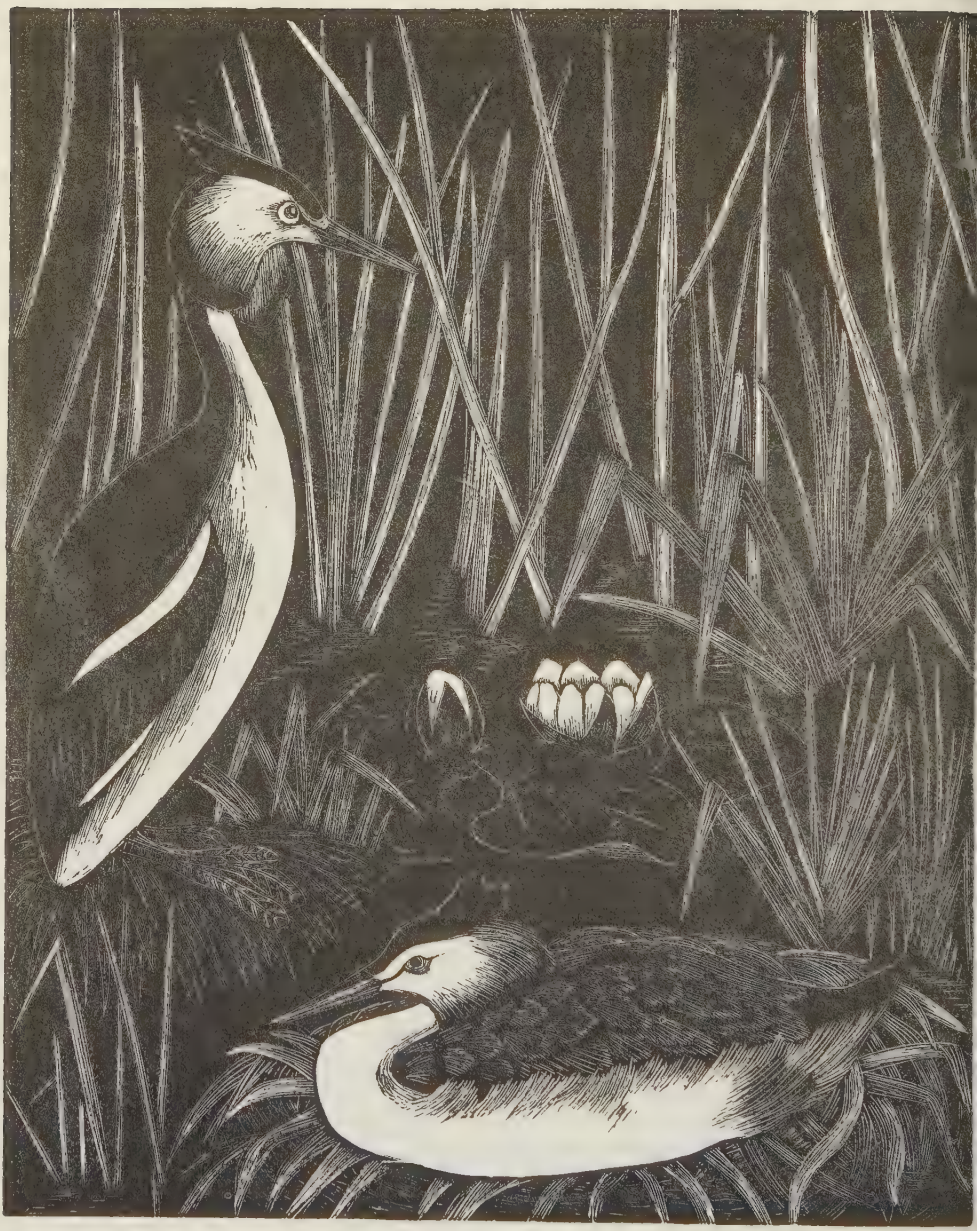
I will show you his room.

X

Alas, what can I know,
Mere visitor in the household,
Honouring a great citizen, a public worker,
I who remember him so well of old.

Alas, what shall I do,
Alas, what can I do,
Mumbling in an empty room
As I remember a dead man
Hospitable at table!

Alas, what shall I do
As I labour here to find
More than man is able?



GREAT CRESTED GREBES WOODCUT BY ERIC DAGLISH

The Flight of Horses

F. R. Higgins

OVER the stalk-crashing marshes,
From green timber and slim pine,
Herds of the wild, black horses
Flash into open sunshine
Breasting wet light; where flighty
Black mares from a savage breed,
Dash to the whinnying canter
Their wild manes leashed with speed!

Where the green Curragh lifts no clinging
For the wind over grassy miles,
Low paddocks choke with the forage
Of foals from uncropped isles—
Foals tethered by some lean dealers
Grown swift on milk of the mare—
Fillies and colts from those horses
Of larch hills, curbed to the fair.

For all the rare stallions harnessed,
Who knows but the last flaming shoe
On the anvil, chills into silence?
While over our hills the few
Remaining horses lose shelter—
Tails lashing bare haunches and backs—
As the sun strikes in golden laughter
Boughs toppling over the axe.

These timbers lie clear for the iron
That runs from this stony place;
While over moon-drenching orchards,
Just shadowy horses chase
From dreams once herded in fir-lands
And summers only known
Through shiny black seams of mining
Burning green earth to the stone.

The Physics of the Not-Self

Wyndham Lewis

The ensuing sections are part of an essay to be printed with " The Enemy of the Stars," a play which appeared in " Blast," No. 1. It will be in the nature of a metaphysical commentary on the ideas suggested by its action. Briefly, it is intended to show the human mind in its traditional rôle of the enemy of life, as an oddity outside the machine. In the first of the sections used here, for instance, that entitled " Catonic Truth," it is shown how the egotistic falsehood of Cato is more generally acceptable than the scrupulousness of the philosopher. Of all things in the world liable to arouse men's apprehension, it is clear that " the scientific truth about anything " has a good claim to the first place. In it they scent, with reason, the principle of death. They do not scent this in natural science, because science has disguised itself more effectually as " a thing," or as " nature." No one, for instance, is afraid of being bitten by a motor-car, though he of course might go mad if bitten by a scientist: and has recently been slaughtered in very great numbers by what living men had invented.

Disguised as " nature," and taking on the impersonality and " inscrutableness " of natural laws, a small but picked number of men have put themselves at the head of the forces of nature, as it were, in their old struggle with man. The results so far have been startling enough: but it is hoped shortly that nature will, with their help, achieve a decisive and annihilating victory.

The guns, bombs and gas in the Great War did not enlighten people, because it was supposed to be cruel Mother Nature eating up her children, obliged to do so, of course, by a Darwinian law that exacts such destruction. When you are dealing with " a law " there is nothing further to be said. Then, the penalty of lifts, telephones and crystal sets must naturally be commensurate with their advantages. High buildings " grow "—do they not?—and the fatigue of climbing them is neutralized by the escalator: for this advantage life and limb are naturally mortgaged.

Without pursuing the subject further, it will be understood by this brief note what sort of things are in question in the extracts chosen.

Catonic truth

"I WOULD not believe it even if Cato told me," was a Roman saying. Cato's truthfulness would be the last refinement, of course, of the effrontery of the oligarch. The " we truthful ones " of Nietzsche is the lyrical equivalent, perjury being the characteristic humiliation imposed by his circumstances on the slave. Cato must, from the accounts of his contemporaries, have been as terrible a man as it would be easy to find: and Cato's " truth " would be what Cato thought, and his legendary exactitude would include, no doubt, every variety of brassy outspokenness. For Cato was not the man to go out of his way to *look for truth;* he would take " truth " as he found it, as, in short, it welled up from the source of his egotism. He would no doubt suppress anything coming into his mind and claiming to be " truth " that had not the authentic forbiddingness of catonic directness, that was not *wished*, or was not wanted. And, like that " liberty " that did not survive the death of Cato, so " truth," probably, would not survive him either, or anything else " that was his," so relative Cato's " truth " must have been.

The philosopher, who is more uncertain about truth, is therefore proverbially unsatisfying in the catonic sense. His scruples brand him as a liar from the start, since he is apt to stammer, if not blush, when first asked a question. Even when, after a painful effort, he reaches an affirmation, it is so beset with reservations, that it remains a particularly offensive sort of lie for those who prefer the will's truth to the mind's. The *not-self* installed in the mind betrays its transient human associate: hence the wise man, the opposite of that pitiful object, the philosopher, keeps it locked up, a skeleton in a cupboard, or an abnormal offspring that it is disastrous to show; and if anyone mentions the existence of that unfortunate accompaniment of the human state, they convict themselves of being no gentleman, or at the best, an enemy. Thus to doubt a man's word, a wise man's, can usually be regarded as an oblique reference to this intellectual abortion or death's-head under lock and key.

What results from these observations can be formulated as follows. There is a thing popularly referred to as " truth " some-

where; and just as by analogy with ourselves and according to the necessary conditions imposed by physiology, we know that every person consummates the digestive sequence in a certain manner, so we know that he harbours this attribute—of " truth." The same rules affect this disgraceful instrument as affect the final stages of that act the first stage of which is ingestion, which it is understood must usually occur in public. If you ask two men, or if two men come to be asked in a court of law, what happened on a certain day some months earlier, say, you can tell almost at once which is the truthfuller of the two. Probably one, without hesitation, frankly, will give his answer. The other will be confused and display every sign of a guilty uncertainty. The former man is the man you respect, and whose " word," you know, is worthy of credence, and probably " his bond." Or he is the " man of his word "—his word is his own word. The other man's " word " might be anybody's. The latter man, you would say, is a " man of words," the former possesses a tame word that obediently represents the man. The latter is a slave, the former is a free-man. The latter is afraid of a " word," the former is not afraid of any " word." One will sacrifice himself to a mere " word," the other would see any " word " hanged first, The latter is the man you will instinctively *trust*.

The enemy of the stars

If " truth " is the word we give to that disintegrating *not-self* principle, that every man must harbour, but that he can be trained quite easily to paralyze, then every altruism can be traced to the activities of this same principle. But from this it must not be supposed that the destruction of this principle in a man cuts him off from his " fellows." The contrary is, in fact, the case.

The man who has formed the habit of consulting and deferring to the principle of the *not-self*, participates, it is true, in the life of others outside himself more than the man who refrains from using this speculative organ. But he is not *more like* other people for that reason: he is *less like* them. For he is one in a great many thousand: to be like other people he certainly should be less them and more himself. So his altruism only results in differentiating him, and leaving him, as it were, without a " class " or even a " kind." For

this humane activity is really inhuman, and it even frustrates its own purpose by awakening suspicion instead of trust. It is regarded as a breaker-down of walls and partitions, a radio-active something in the midst of more conservative aggregations, as naturally it is.

As, again, in its nature, it awakens love, that is not in its favour either. Love being the thing that is most prized by men, the man who, in league with the diabolical principle of the *not-self*, appears to be attempting to obtain it by unlawful means, is without the pale at once. By way of the intellect he is necessarily reaching what the force and fraud of brute nature are otherwise combined to obtain, and get very little of. For the intellect, or the seat of that forbidden principle of the *not-self*, is the one thing that every gentleman is sworn, however hard pressed, not to employ. What cannot be obtained by the way of *self*, must be foregone. That is understood. The mind is the devil, it could be said. But more than that, there is something indefinably disreputable about it. It is not " clean ": it cannot be described confidently as " white." It is the enemy of all the constellations and universes.

We have *one* life, and *one* individuality. It is a ration, as it were. It is an " obligation " (as people say sometimes about " art ") to devote all our energies to that one self, and not to poach. We were not born twenty men, but one. It is our duty " to remain in our class," and equally it is our duty to remain in our self—our one and only. But if we *must* go out of our " class," it is a sacred duty to get into a *higher* one at least. And if we *must* go outside our self, then at least it is our " bounden duty " to see that we do not at least despoil ourselves for others. We must go in order to *take*, not in order to *give*. But it is far more dignified to remain closeted with your inalienable psychical possessions, like a sedate hen on its eggs, from the cradle to the grave. Oh, yes, it is so.

The husbandry of " goodness "

If it is true that any lie becomes the " truth " when he *wants* it to be that—that by merely *wishing*, a really determined man can " make anything of anything," and transform black in the chemistry of his desire, into white, following the catonic, the roman, method: it it is also true that altruism, or generosity, can be so rigidly related

to his interests that never a drop is wasted, and in fact that, with usury, its store is seen constantly to increase.

All other sorts of " givers " are justifiably mistrusted. A gift that *expects no return* is not a human gift. No man has a right to bestow in that way. The chances that he is a god or an angel are so very slight that some peculiarly despicable theft is evidently intended, and this criminal intention will require all the victim's energy to frustrate. " Goodness " can only recommend itself when it is prosperous: no " goodness " succeeds like successful " goodness," in other words. If you are respectable, you can only accept things from a person who evidently benefits more than you by his bounty.

It will be profitable for our argument at present to examine briefly the old status of " goodness " and what it has become in our time, after a prolonged association in the popular mind with sexual morality, especially.

Greek " Goodness "

At the end of the Symposium, Socrates is described as persuading the last of the revellers that " the same person is able to compose both tragedy and comedy, and that the foundations of the tragic and the comic arts are essentially the same."

As there is a unique point of common emotion from which these two activities arise, to which they can be traced back, and which enables the same poet to excel at both, so no doubt the different categories of forms and their archetypes would be fused, for such a mind, somewhere, in one. No doubt beauty, piety, justice and the rest of the Socratic predicates, would melt into each other in some more general perfection. Beauty, goodness, fairness, devotion would be the ingredients of one perfection. But ἀρετή, which we translate goodness, seems less specialized than most of them, and " goodness " in its modern sense is, as a translation, misleading.

John Burnet tells us that " goodness " for a Greek had no ethical significance. " We are left in no doubt as to what " goodness " (ἀρετή) meant in the language of the time. . . . It was, in fact, what we call efficiency. To the Greeks goodness was always something positive ": and so on. Liddell and Scott have for ἀρετή

" goodness, excellence of any kind, especially of manly qualities, valour, etc." Also " excellence in any art." They cite Plato as the authority for its ethical use; but Burnet, as we see above, does not agree to this. Like " virtue " in English, it may have traversed several meanings, the utilitarian, the martial and something like the christian. *Excellence* in anything is, however, what Burnet sticks to, and he is a great authority: he even says it meant for the sophists " little more than skill in the arts of party intrigue."

But Socrates has several " goodnesses ": his highest, philosophic goodness (φιλοσοφική ἀρετή) is the one identified with knowledge, and which can be taught, like a trade: and there is a popular " goodness " of a lower order.

In the " Phaedo " (81-82), Socrates shows what happens at the close of this life to the bad man; and whatever ἀρετή may have meant to a fifth-century Athenian, it is quite evident what is meant by it in this dialogue. The soul of the philosopher goes to dwell with " that which resembles it, the invisible divine, immortal and wise"; in a place " excellent, pure and invisible." The unjust, and the only *popularly* " good," are, in Socrates' ethical Zoo, allotted their respective shapes. Asses, wolves, hawks and kites, are inhabited by souls that have shown their aptitude for such destinies as these lives imply. The " good " citizen, however, may hope to become a bee, wasp or ant; for, like all the ancients, he idealized these small industrious machines.

This goodness that is essentially an excellence, like excellence in a craft, and that merges into the wisdom and piety of the philosopher, is like the upaniṣadic Karma; and the returns to the animal world, or the annihilation and peace in the bosom of the Absolute, or Brahman, are similarly parallel to the indian conception.

The " knowledge " that is identified with " goodness " is, like goodness, of two kinds in Plato: the less empirical knowledge being called δόξα (belief) and only the Eternal lending itself to such knowledge as can deserve the name of ἐπιστήμη. This epistemological absolute is much the same as Brahman; and the inferior knowledge of the world of temporal experience is much the same as the upaniṣadic *avidya*. The quality of the known and the object of knowledge, and the impossibility of anything but a wisdom of metaphors,

glimpses and trances, in terrestrial life, you get in Socrates and Plato as with the indian (cf. the speech of Yâjñavalkya: " Thou canst not see the seer of seeing, thou canst not hear the hearer of hearing, thou canst not comprehend the comprehender of comprehending, thou canst not know the knower of knowing ").

Socrates (in the ecstatic language of physical love, it is true) taught abstention from bodily desire. Philosophy gives freedom from the obscenities of life. " Imprisoned " in the body, using it and its senses only *just as much as is necessary*—otherwise " the soul reels like an intoxicated man," inflamed and disordered by contact with the objects of sense, you should abstract yourself and as far as possible withdraw your mind till it passes momentarily into the cathartic peace of the Eternal. " Philosophy . . . endeavours to free the soul by showing that the view of things by means of the eyes is full of deception, as also is that through the ears and the other senses, persuading an abandonment of these so far as it is not absolutely necessary to use them, and to believe nothing else but herself . . . for that a thing of this kind (one which differs under different aspects) is sensible and visible, but what she herself perceives is intelligible and invisible " (*Phaedo* 83).

This is an invitation to plunge into the " soul," the opposite of the plunge into Life suggested by Bergson; instead of outside. It is one that has often been repeated. Perhaps " the soul " is sometimes *at home* and sometimes is *not*. There may be some ages when you are likely to find it rushing about outside, and others when the inside-plunge is the likeliest to be rewarded with success. People in their own cases have an instinct where it is: and in fact, in most ages they have plunged outwards.

The empirical world, the εἴδωλα of Plato, then, could yield nothing but a spurious knowledge. And the conception of knowledge as the highest goal—identified with goodness—was the same as the supreme upaniṣadic conception. To *know* the atman, *to know* yourself, appeared the supreme efficiency in both systems. The fusion of the idea of goodness with that of knowledge we see in the teaching of Mani, for that matter; with his Persian ontology of principles of Dark and Light, he taught that as the mind of a person contains more light, it contains correspondingly more goodness.

Socrates held that it was impossible for a man to *understand* and to be evil. This is usually regarded as the supreme example of socratic unwisdom: the most " irritating " of all his many challenges to common sense. " The question involved in the argument with Polemarchus is really the same. Is it possible to regard goodness as a purely neutral accomplishment of this kind, or is it something that belongs to the very nature of this soul that possesses it so that it is really impossible for the good man to do evil or to injure anyone? " (J. Burnet.)

If it is in the introduction of ethical and æsthetic forms on an equality with the mathematical that the originality of Socrates, as the successor of the Pythagoreans, consists, then in a sense ethics is only introduced to be disposed of; for the skill-and-knowledge-goodness of Socrates, or the approximation to perfect knowledge, are very mathematical conceptions compared to that of more emotional ethics. The idea, in its simplest development, amounts to this:

1. It is the philosopher's business to dispose of all desire.
2. If you know or understand *fully* you no longer desire.
3. It is the philosopher's business *to know* as fully as possible.
4. In this way the socratic " goodness " is seen to be the same as Nirvana.
5. And with regard to the statesman: You can only be just, moderate and beneficent if you are not involved in what you are called to act upon, if you are withdrawn from it and " not interested in it."
6. Therefore the ruler should be a philosopher, in order that he may dispose of what he rules over as though he were an indifferent god.

There is, in short, no emotional value attached to " goodness " and its manipulations in justice, truth and generosity, at all. It is your duty to yourself, or the wisest thing to do, to drug yourself so that you shall not feel fear or disappointment; and even no emotional idea of " power " must be attached to the highest knowledge, for that would be erecting a possession, a thing you would fear to lose. Love, too, is in this category. If " goodness " were an emotional thing at all (as, for instance, evangelical christian " goodness " is)

it would necessarily entail *suffering*. And the object of the philosopher is to avoid suffering, or the turbulent " intoxication " of action or feeling, at all. It is in these doctrines of Socrates that you find most readily the ascent to him claimed by the Stoics; and you see in its first state their celebrated ἀπάθεια, or the " cynicism " of Antisthenes.

You cannot, logically, " love " or admire, either, if you *fully* understand.

The conclusion to which the mind and nature of Socrates were directed must have been, I think, a complete nirvana.

But the promiscuous, sceptical, feverish atmosphere of post-periclean Athens affected the mode and development of his teaching. Discrimination into a prakrita and its opposite could not, for instance, in those social conditions, be entertained; and the underground cults, such as the orphic, were not the same thing as a widely accepted religion, with its machinery of compulsion. Plato's reasons for his dislike of writing down his dogmas indicate that popular uncontrolled instruction must have been a *pis aller*. And, in any case, the best proof of this is that, in the case of Socrates, this teaching culminated in political execution.

It is a fundamental example of socratic " irony " that has escaped most people, that he should appear in history as a *popular* teacher. Mr. Bernard Shaw has put him forward and held him up to admiration as " the ideal journalist " of his time. Whether Mr. Shaw would have claimed or not that this was a super-irony of his own, the fact remains that Socrates, " always talking about great market-asses, and brass-founders, and leather-cutters, and skin-dressers " (the raw material of his famous " induction ") as Alcibiades shows him, lends himself to this manipulation.

Yet of " the real Socrates " we have the exactest description put into the mouth of Alcibiades in the " Symposium ": " Know that there is not one of you who is aware of the real nature of Socrates; but since I have begun, I will make him plain to you. You observe how passionately Socrates affects the intimacy of those who are beautiful, and how ignorant he professes himself to be; appearances in themselves excessively silenic. This, my friends, is the external form with which, like one of the sculptured Sileni, he has

clothed himself; for if you open him, you will find within admirable temperance and wisdom. For he cares not for mere beauty, but despises more than anyone can imagine all external possessions, whether it be beauty or wealth, or glory, or any other thing for which the multitude felicitates the possessor. He esteems these things and us who honour them as nothing, and lives among men, making all the objects of their admiration the playthings of his irony." (The " Symposium " 216.)

If this is intended to enlighten us, and it seems to be, what it says is this. Not only were " the great market-asses " and " the brass-founders " the rumbling stock-in-trade of this supreme market-place performer (properties ironically chosen, ironically handled and ironically displayed), but also it says that his celebrated language of love, " his passionate affection of intimacy for those who are beautiful," and display of amouresness of a fashionable perversity, were likewise ironic. It says, in short, that Socrates was pulling the leg of the greek *exoleti*, whom he caressed, as much as he was pulling the leg of the great market-asses—or the greater asses—their attic owners. He knew his public too well, and the simpering but certainly very argumentative epicene young gentlemen of fashion of the time, and the great market-asses, he used only as stalking-horses. Similarly, was not the language of love the cynical gilding of the pill? We cannot be surprised that this peculiar and very rare sense of fun should have brought him at last to a violent end—or at least, an abrupt and involuntary one.

Stonehenge

Siegfried Sassoon

WHAT is Stonehenge? It is the roofless past;
Man's ruinous myth; his uninterred adoring
Of the unknown in sunrise cold and red;
His quest of stars that arch his doomed exploring.

And what is Time but shadows that were cast
By these storm-sculptured stones while centuries fled?
The stones remain; their stillness can outlast
The skies of history hurrying overhead.

COMMON OBJECTS

WOOD ENGRAVING BY JOHN NASH

EVENING PARTY WOOD ENGRAVING BY BLAIR HUGHES-STANTON

MAN THE ASS

LINO ENGRAVING BY
LEON UNDERWOOD

Dream Exhibition of a Final World

Harold Monro

THE murky curtains roll apart. A gigantic Proscenium. Dawn.
The purple lips of the Siren begin to twitch.
Eastward, a giant arc-light reflects through my dream
Glaringly, into a forest of chimneys.
Heavy upon my chest, the large gorilla squats,
Holding, loosely, my throat.

The pulley-sinewed God of Earth whose arm is like a crane
Now will lever the cable to open the lip of the Siren.
She will mutter; her great head wobbles:
Then her cry
Rattles her throat, before rising through pouted mouth
To a whistle, a warble, a wild, full blast and a shriek;
Now a screech as her cheeks puff out; and it gashes the light.
Her hair in the wind of her howl is frayed on the sky.

Early dreaming-time has guttered away.
She dwindles. Her lips, her eyes are closing.
The light of morning hangs in ribbons, bulging.

Now the charabancs marshalled in regiments with hooters roaring
Thunder around the earth, round the Great Exhibition.
Aeroplanes flood the sky writing the news, and heaven
Films to the world, and winks. Within the electric proscenium
There shall be dawn every day, imitated;
Whatever the season, beautiful, artificial,
Such as the Worker loves, bright like a picture postcard.

The exhibition was planned to endure through final humanity.
(Hefty gorilla, lift your claws from my throat,
Lurking ancestor phantom of final world,
Pranked in a purple Top-hat.)

II

The Gate is rare and precious,
Built of granite, the final quarried on earth,
Guarded by armies of negroes pranked in helmets of scarlet.
Not far within are kept, in golden cages,
Small broods, diminishing, of those old beasts:
Last lion of earth, last tiger, rhinoceros, buffalo;
In marble tank the last large whale of ocean.
Honoured: each has a lecturer talking
Glibly of habit and haunt, day and night, day and night.
Here is a tiny forest, reared by an old-world expert,
Fanned, that it whisper well, by regulated zephyrs;
Near to which in a cage on wheels, lined with satin and moss,
To be moved at his mood, and filled with mechanical birds,
There lives, walking up and down, in tweed, with a stick of rarest ash-plant,
Murmuring, making a note, or sipping beer from a tankard,
(Gloated upon by the crowd),
Rarer than lion, or granite, the last, last, Nature Poet.

Beyond is the last great valley (Charabanc, Charabanc, roaring!),
Here are the old cascades.
Warranted still in their ancient courses
Guaranteed to be haunted yet by the spirit of beauty,
Mumbling mysteriously far within their barb-wire encircled enclosures;
And every train-and-villa-girdled mountain
Is crowned with proud hotels.

There stands the last cathedral. Out beyond
The free and vast asylum of beliefs
(Encooped are they in one gigantic cold enclosure),
Folds all the faithful. They may build therein
Church, Meeting House, Synagogue, Mosque, or Chapel.
Dreamy cranes are waiting without to lift within that arid space,
Complete, ready for use, direct from the factory,

Chapel, church, or cathedral, of corrugated iron.
Under the pulpit where preaches the Pope Himself
Latest american upstart may roar; here Salvation Army
Mass bands. Here rules, at length, the Spirit of Freedom.
For nobody fights any more about any religion.
Nobody troubles the clock-work heart of the God,
Lest cog, chain, piston, crank of the great machine
Should waver to hear or argue, or break, like a heart.

III

But, oh! the Mob is roaring! Here is mob roaring!
Armies (here it is different), armies, howling revenge.
The narrow, enormous arena where rules the down-turned thumb.
Charabanc massed. Epsom. Telescope, Nero! Nero!
Tank! Bomb! Tank! Bomb! Every Terminus ending here!
Beautiful hail of blood. Millions killed in a minute.
War final, War! Never a shortage of bodies.
Watch the game, heroes! Hurrying clouds of corpses!
(Only a Magnate need gnash his teeth at Another.)
Card of the War, sir? No seats left.
One in the upper circle. Only a thousand guineas.
Here in the final Circus, what is dear?

IV

Gorilla clutching my heart!
Shall I waken at all from the last Exhibition?
Will there be forest again, and real sunrise and cornfield, this morning,
Farmhouse, haystack, flowers in the garden,
Romantic, protective, patient tree, that leans over the roof,
Near the trembling dimpering sea, where the long sand is hot,
And the slow tide rises and falls.
Breezes play lightly through meadows in long, dwindling, sunsets,
You bathe your limbs, you talk slowly; birds are all friendly?
Nightmare of future earth, again I will try

To build you. How can you be vaguely constructed,
Torment of dream,
Threatening to conquer: what are you like?

V

Shall it be thus? Two battleships for feet.
Two Eiffel Towers for legs, for your thin arms,
Two cranes that, either, lift ten thousand tons;
Your ribs long spans of bridges, your cold heart
Big Ben; your liver, clogged with bile, your guts infirm,
Cluttered with refuse; your large, belching stomach
Bulging with factories you have gulpingly swallowed:
All regulated by your clockwork heart?
But when at last I come to try your face,
I can see nothing, though your purple Siren
(So, Dream), can stroke it with arthritic hand.

You are held together by millions of wires and cables.
Could I alone cut one, one, the whole would fall.

VI

Now the moment is here to throw the gaunt gorilla
(Clutching my heart and making my dream),
Shivering with apish calls across the room.
He tumbles along the wainscot, becomes a shadow
Made by my lord, the Sun, the real
Redeemer, transmitter, transfuser, creator, giver, Receiver.

I rise at the open window; see real trees,
Real fields, real men, real dogs, real—Oh, the Charabanc,
Real; and there 's the new, tall, factory chimney,
Real; and there, his cart-load real with bricks,
The sawdust jerry-builder trolleys along the road,
Real. And how shall I finally murder the vaunting gorilla?
How can I ever succeed in protecting life, life, from the dream?

CARATHIS ILLUSTRATION TO "VATHEK" BY ELIZABETH PYKE

OPERA ETCHING BY WILLIAM ROBERTS

Ballet in Criticism

Aldous Huxley

(Scriabine, or The Voluptuous Dentist. Ballet to the music of Scriabine's " Prometheus.")

A DENTIST'S operating chamber. The chair is placed in the centre of the stage, on a high dais approached by steps from all four sides. A carpet of rich magenta plush covers the dais, and the black chair is upholstered in the same material. The back-cloth is of watered orange silk. A row of Nautch girls forms a dado to this sumptuous wall. They remain at their post throughout the whole scene, swaying a little from side to side and making with their arms the movement of seaweed stirring languidly in a subaqueous wind. Their torsos, meanwhile, are in a state of unremitting tremolo: it is the well-known Dance of the Seven Stomachs. They wear bejewelled *reggipetti* of pure gold, and over their bent knees their skirts are Javanese in contour.

From the ceiling a thick black cable hangs in a graceful and sinister catenary, like a rope in one of Piranesi's prisons; it has, one clearly sees, something to do with the dentist's drill.

The music strikes up—" Prometheus," the Poem of Fire—and from either side of the stage three female acrobats carrying enormously magnified versions of those bright steel prods and probes of the dentist's armoury, rush in. From the waist downwards they wear pink fleshings; from the waist upwards they are trained nurses, collared, cuffed and capped. It is they who record the Dentist's appointments, bring restoratives to fainting patients and cut the little gags of lint against the moment of stopping. With the first bars, then, in they rush. Against the slowly swaying, the tremulously palpitating background of the Nautch girls, agile and acrobatic, they dance. The dance works up to a culmination, when the leader of the troop skips up on the dais, drives the end of her probe into an eyelet hole in front of the chair, throws up her legs and remains balanced, head downwards, her hands resting on a cross-piece at the top of the probe, her back—the fleshings above, the nurse's collar below—presented to the audience; while her five companions, with an ever-increasing velocity, with vaster and ever vaster bounds, go pole-jumping on their shining prods round and round

the dais, like a troop of lady bull-fighters, tight-waisted and with long, pink, tapering legs, vaulting from between the horns of the charging beast in the royal bull-ring of Cnossos.

The dance disintegrates, the balancer on the dais comes tumbling with a studied grace to earth, and the troop manœuvres into open formation on one side of the stage.

Shot from a spring-board in the opposite wings, the *premier danseur* enters like a flying saint in a picture by Tintoretto. It is the Dentist. He wears a black alpaca jacket and tight check trousers. Above the collar a great false head of wax. Across the cranial hemisphere, seventeen long, black hairs are drawn, arachnean bridges between the curly tufts above the ears. The mask is quite featureless, a pink blank with bellying high lights; there is only a wide, bright, toothy smile, topped by a waxed black moustache.

He pirouttees a little with the Trained Nurse against the slow seaweed and the seismic tremolo of the Nautch girls—but always with a movement of expectancy, with reiterated turnings and yearnings towards the wings. And at last she comes, radiating ecstasy—the *première danseuse*. Tooth-white, gum-pink, with golden tresses semi-permanently undulating over the spherical, false head, whose one feature, the smile, is like a swag of pearls looped up between a pair of dimples—in she floats on toes that barely touch the floor. The music becomes perceptibly more clotted. Prometheus points the way upwards; the philosophy grows profounder in its import.

And now the real action of the ballet begins. Seaweed-armed, seismically stomached, the Nautch girls provide the fundamental bass of movement. In front of them, the choreographic drama unfolds itself. It is a theme of pursuit and flight: Pan, Syrinx; Dentist-Apollo and Daphne-Patient. He approaches, high-steppedly gambolling. Timorously she stands, head sideways, tilted and downcast, arms close to sides, hands clasped before her. He approaches, approaches, playfully amorous, dancing like a snipe, gambolling like a spider. Every now and then he throws a cart-wheel, dances a few steps on his hands, or jumps, on spring-heeled shoes, six or seven feet into the air. He approaches, he approaches. And though she trembles, though she winces like a colt, though she seems every moment on the point of flying—yet, she holds her ground, lets him

come nearer, nearer. Suddenly, from the pocket of his alpaca jacket, he whips out an immense pair of forceps. All the instruments of the band utter a scream; Daphne flies in earnest round the dais and Apollo gambols after. Through the convolutions of their twisted flight and pursuit, the Trained Nurses thrid their way, leaping toreadors of Minos.

Another halt. A variation of the first love-play. Suave gestures with the forceps. The love theme is very prominent in the music. Nearer, nearer. The Dentist's blank face seems to take on an expression of triumph; he is so near, so near; the forceps are raised, open-jawed, towards the swag of pearls. The steel jaws are on the point of closing; but off she goes again, the Dentist following in a dizzy series of *sauts périlleux*. Twice round the central dais. Still he follows. This way and that she flutters; he is always there to cut off her retreat. She runs for protection to the Nurses. But instead of succouring, they receive her on the points of their sharp probes, they drive her back towards the pursuer. Distracted, she flaps from side to side. She sees in front of her the Dentist, blowing kisses with one hand, opening and closing with the other the jaws of his forceps, mockingly reflecting in his pursuit her every velleity of flight to right or left. Behind her the points of six steel prods threaten with imminent puncture. She looks desperately round her; the blank face, the smiling swag of pearls becomes expressive, as the huge round head jerks in panic this way and that, of a lacerating, torturing fear. A loophole of escape seems to present itself. She breaks from between her pursuers, gains in three bounds the summit of the dais and, one hand on the arm of the chair, the other to her heart, stands looking down, momentarily safe. But the safety is only illusory; her position is more than ever hopeless. The Dentist and his Nurses execute a cake-walk in Indian file round the base of the stele on which she has marooned herself. She is trapped beyond the possibility of redemption. The Nurses continue their cake-walk, but the Dentist breaks line and begins to mount the dais, running round and round, spirally, a step higher at every revolution. The Patient gesticulates wildly as he approaches, lifting her blank face, her clawing hands towards heaven. The Dentist reaches the penultimate step. One more revolution, he is on the platform beside her.

He springs forward, embracing her, tries to snatch from the swag of pearls a kiss. She bends backwards, away from his desire, backwards till her head touches her heels. They execute a tango of willowy bendings. The Dentist grows more and more passionate, there is a quickening in the Nurses' cake-walk down below. The Patient begins to yield. She is forced back into the chair. The blank, globed faces come together in a tangential kiss. But even as he kisses, the Dentist reaches up for the Piranesian cable above him, pulls down a formidable drill which revolves as he grasps it. There is a rhythmic and harmonious struggle. The ravished kisses alternate with jabs of the drill, tweaks of the forceps. Resistance grows fainter and fainter, the Dentist more and more surgically amorous. We are at the Coda now; the choir breaks into the music with the supernatural ecstatic note of the human voice.

Resistance is now at an end. The Dentist lifts his yielding Patient from the chair; she droops limply in the crook of his left arm. The rest of the Coda is occupied by the development of a portentous embrace, in which dentistry becomes transcendentally one with passion, and love takes on the character of a surgical operation. The embracement culminates in the inenarrable delights of ecstasy. Ecstasy—the final enormous chord of F sharp major. Shatteringly loud, it bursts upon the ears. Choir, orchestra, steam organ, Parsifal bell instrument, gongs, musical glasses—all sound the chord, keep it held, slowly swelling, minute after minute. And with the flowering of that ecstatic chord the heavens open and God the Father slowly descends over the dais. A swarm of cherubs, whose nacreous flesh seems ready to melt in the intense white limelight, hovers over Him in a domed formation, his living canopy. The chord of F sharp major slowly swells and swells, a long inverted cone of sound. The limelight grows brighter and brighter, God the Father smiles. His velvet draperies float out in the wind of ecstasy. Illumined, the Dentist and his Patient look up, still embraced, still in the throes of a surgical love. And gradually, as the ecstasy grows intenser, as the chord of F sharp major becomes more and more terribly, more sweetly and piercingly loud, gradually they float up from their solid platform, they tread the lime-lit air, they bathe in the divine effulgence. And the trained Nurses—they, too, leave the

earth; they, too, yearn upwards in a curved, suspended gesture towards the light. And as the chord increases in volume, as the brazen cone of sound expands and appallingly expands within our grasp—slowly the whole heavenly host, the wriggling canopy of *putti*, the enthroned godhead, the ecstatic mortals float upwards out of sight towards some Higher Sphere.

And suddenly the chord comes to an end; there is the startling silence which follows the stopping of a mill-wheel. The stage is quite empty, save for the dado of Nautch girls at the foot of the back wall. They are still swaying weedily, still tremulously palpitating as the curtain descends.

WOODCUT BY RUPERT LEE

PIERROT PEN DRAWING BY E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

Convent Thoughts in Cadiz

Sacheverell Sitwell

STOP, my Sisyphus, make fast your stone
that rolls and rumbles like a boulder thrown:
hold it awhile, and hark to this,
I'm pinned with leaden emphasis.

The day was so hot outside, so dark within,
like a black ghost to that hot red skin:
the leaves were lean knifes ready to cut,
the flowers with sleepless, staring faces were spread out.
A cool hour for the wingèd murmuring wood,
that insect market noisy as a march to war,
the hanging banked wood so steep to climb;
here it is another wood as cool and steep,
but sacred to Time—
dark to give it length and height and silent so that Time can last,
counting its echoes.
The cowled nuns wingèd at their whispered prayers
are muttering at their lattice like the drone of flies,
high in summer branches,
they rumble, rumble, mutter with their lazy humming wings.
Do they murmur like the wingèd wood
loud with doves?
They move, more slow and never fear surprise
as the doves do flying from their branches
at a clap of wind.
They are turning, turning that slow spit above the flames
the wheel of memory
like my stone of Sisyphus for ever rolling,
for they turn it in the steady fire, now this way, now that,
and like my stone of Sisyphus their minds are never still,
they try to stop and live again that moment they are seeking,
but are baffled at its frontiers and cannot get inside;—
as I might be thinking, to another world removed,
remembering its boundaries;
The hot lagoon lolled like a bell,

the lion-throat in the tower rang out
its measures of dead time to spell
and so we turned the head about
moved by our murmurs from the shores
we drifted with the lifted oars;
ghostly and moth-like did we move
driven by echoes and black shades
as though the strength of death to prove
living by light before it fades,
since Time, like clouds that turn to rain
will never live that hour again;
we'll try that long-gone death to change
and find it once more bright and strange,
we're back now in our boat below
the banquet-hall where they could dine
at the quayside of Tiepolo,
where his fired water runs like wine.

Or, shifting the scene again, shuffling my cards;

I walked beneath the Castle wall
in heat that throbbed like falling hail,
the cliffs their white-hot coals did tower
beating the senses with their power;
so in the swoon of heat they say
a window opens high above
the ghost shows there but does not stay:
this leaded moment dooms your love
and binds you to that moment's dream,
though dead now as the sun's gold beam,
dead cold, as ever fabled clay
of bodies that have lived their day.
Thus did the enchantment read
now listen for her noiseless tread:
wind is at her window-ledge
as though his youngest plumes to fledge,
he dips them in the sun's hot chimes
heavy-honied from the Castle limes.

Tread the blue fires of air for me,
stay up there, wind, as in the boughs
ready to show her clear for me:
now that ghost we'll try to rouse.
I asked you, wind, to test that air
sloping your ladder to her sill
at your soft plumes her lifted hair
thinned like clouds to summer's quill,
no sooner did she feel your touch
than vanished, ghost-like, quick as such.

Thus does my stone roll on,
for ever near to crushing me,
the more I try to move it:
but listen to the nuns again
in that mart of lazy memories, droning out their prayers,
in this island walled with harbours,
joined umbilically to mainland marshes and pyramids of salt:
let me paint my hoardings.
" That ghost, the Spanish Captain,
comes out of the barracoon into glassy, shaking sunlight:
he trembles with ague in the chattering shrill heat,
taut, like the ear drum, to catch the trumpet and the kettle-drum:
those cock-crows tell the dying day;
he waits by the postern and listen to the gipsies
who call out into the arches, shallow shells to hold their song.
The air is full of spectres. Every shadow stirs,
the salamander hidden in each smouldering flame
creeps in the ashes. Wind like a ragged cloak
flaps to keep us warm. Hark! hark! to the trumpets
out of the draughty, bitter barracoon."

I wrote before I'd been there, and I find it fits,
let me colour it with moonlight:
place cats upon the roof, those stealthy serenaders,
let them snarl, let a soft wind
rattle on the telephone wires for a sombre guitar,

let them whine and spit to that sad continual music.
tortured in their amours;
let a low wind, like a spawning tide in the marshes,
lift fertility to those shores of salt,
while a trumpet calls across the battlements
and our same wind rubs the dirty walls.
Where are my Castle limes,
heavy-honied, loud with chimes:
where are my quaysides paved with light?
For I live here in a black wind
with whiteness not of snow, but salt:
white houses washed with curds and bird-cage balconies,
like a street of summer-houses built of salt.
These may be the convent-walls, this their church,
but child prostitutes, not six years old, are plying in the wineshops,
in the curd-like shadow of the convent towers,
those white cloaks shaking as the church bell rings;
they are playing with toy animals,
then rise to their business, mingling these games of chance;
they trade while the nuns pray, and play while the nuns mutter—
which is most useful, one or the other?
how are these goals marked in the flat green field?
what is sin? where does virtue lie?
is yellow wrong for the corn's dark yield, or green for rye?
That apple, red as any winter sun,
was suckled in green leaves
at fur-soft, plump, sad breasts of sky,
at no more wanton birth than the nuns, or those children,
to die, like the winter sun, in fogs and rain:
dead myrtles, or a parsley wreath, may I attain to, may I reach,
till then;
Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies!
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain!
Our captain's commanded—
he is calling out of the barracoon,
great cloud, great block of snow.
" Quelqu'un m'appelle—mais quel Dieu. Je n'en sais rien."

like the monkey-philosopher taken old in the theatre:
he is taken old among the battlements and can only call to us
out of that draughty, bitter barracoon;
Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies!
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain!

LEANEYED CÆSAR PEN DRAWING BY TERENCE PRENTIS

The Idol

Douglas Garman

A GREAT big woman is Eternity,
With blowsy hair that might be beautiful:
Eastern-goddess-wise she sits immutable,
And is ugly.

Big hips make motherhood a sinecure;
So coarsely, without question, into Time,
She drops her young, and with a face sublime
And impure,
Turns from the hour that she has lately born
To contemplate the next, which is the future.

Leaden-thighed she sits with a womb of bronze
And a bronze belly irreducible:
Leaden-thighed she sits immune and prolongs
Endless hours from the selfsame crucible.
And her breasts
Are atrophied in mute metallic splendour,
Are suspended
In apathetic lustrous disregard
For the hours which dissevered she detests.
Her motions are goddess-like and serene;
Her gesture superb and reiterated:
Parturient she smiles as though a dream
Were fulfilled,
And smiles, delivered, at her dream's frustration.

She sits divine and indestructible
And inchoately muses ponderously:
She is obtuse, but might be beautiful—
And is ugly.

A PRAYER PEN DRAWING BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

Artemis Married

Stella Gibbons

FAST flew my delicate hounds and I
Grey flame to the wood's green flame.
Sharp cries, streaming hair, and lifted chin,
Followed by falling echoes thin,
We climbed the scattering mountain path
Through quietening air to the lair of the lynx—
And I killed in a slavering, leaping ring;
And ate, and slept where I slew.

And for ten quiet years I had not known shame.

(Five times my breasts grew heavy with milk)
Till, running, some heavy-faced hunter came,
Shielding his bow from the light spring rain,
Out of the young wood's delicate, moving flame.
Shame—he played with my crying children,
Yawned, and spat in the ashy fire,
Stared at my yellowing shoulders in homespun
Without the stare of desire.
Shame . . . even then, I sang as I spun
But the fool, with a finger above his head,
Must point to my unstrung, dusty bow
And " Is that your husband's bow? " he said.

The Faithful

Stella Gibbons

" PERSIMMON, pear and grape
I may eat," said the white ape,
" But of that dark Tree that grows
Fruits emerald-clear and rose
Beyond Earth's dreaming sweet . . .
I may not eat."

" He told me this, who taught
Me words to dress my thought;
My bent ape-limbs to walk;
Ape-hands to hold a stalk
Of mandrake-root, and drive
His flocks where grasses thrive."

" Now, long, long afterward
At eve, when Eden sward
Is gilded solemnly
With rays, and that dark Tree
Shines copper-massy; tall
Above its thicket-wall. . . .

" At my hut door I sit
And, longing, gaze at it
In loneliness profound.
In dying light around
Her pale doves coo and preen;
Timeless, in solemn green
The glades of Eden calm,
Their boughs with sleeping birds asway,
Watch the last dimness of the day
Glimmer to blackness. I
May of this sorrow die
But will not leave his flocks, nor eat
Of bright, fantastic kernels sweet.

" 'Mid flowers that with inhuman colour burn
I wait for his return.
When the Gate closed upon him, he
Turned in his pain to call to me,
And shall I break my trust because
He's but a dream of what Man was? "

The road to Zoagli E. Gordon Craig (1923)

Not I

Geoffrey Scott

YOU come to where I dwelt,
Yes, in this house was I;
Green leaves hung on the air without,
I from these window-slits looked out
For you to spy;
And there were words for you that knelt
Within this door,
Aye, words, and more.

So late you come. O near
And late you come. And why?
Did you not hear the wind about,
And a crack of branches dry?
And see the dusty door, and fear
As you came by?

Shut door, and tapping boughs . . .
It 's empty; I'm not here;
I know not what it is looks out
And watches from my eye.
You 're walking in a voiceless house
That is not I.

To W. H. Davies

Geoffrey Scott

I WOULD my sight were formed to stare
In ecstasy on cows and trees,
To drink them in, and taste with care
Their sweet particularities;

And I would count them; but I go
Lost in a landscape of the mind,
A country where the lights are low
And where the ways are hard to find.

The Golden Spider in the Mind

Geoffrey Scott

HERE'S a bent tree:
Hated and loved it, have I, years in turn;
Cool fan-flake roof and dappled root in fern,
What do they say for me?
This only: here
I stood alone, once, in a vanished year,
Imagining
A most vain thing.

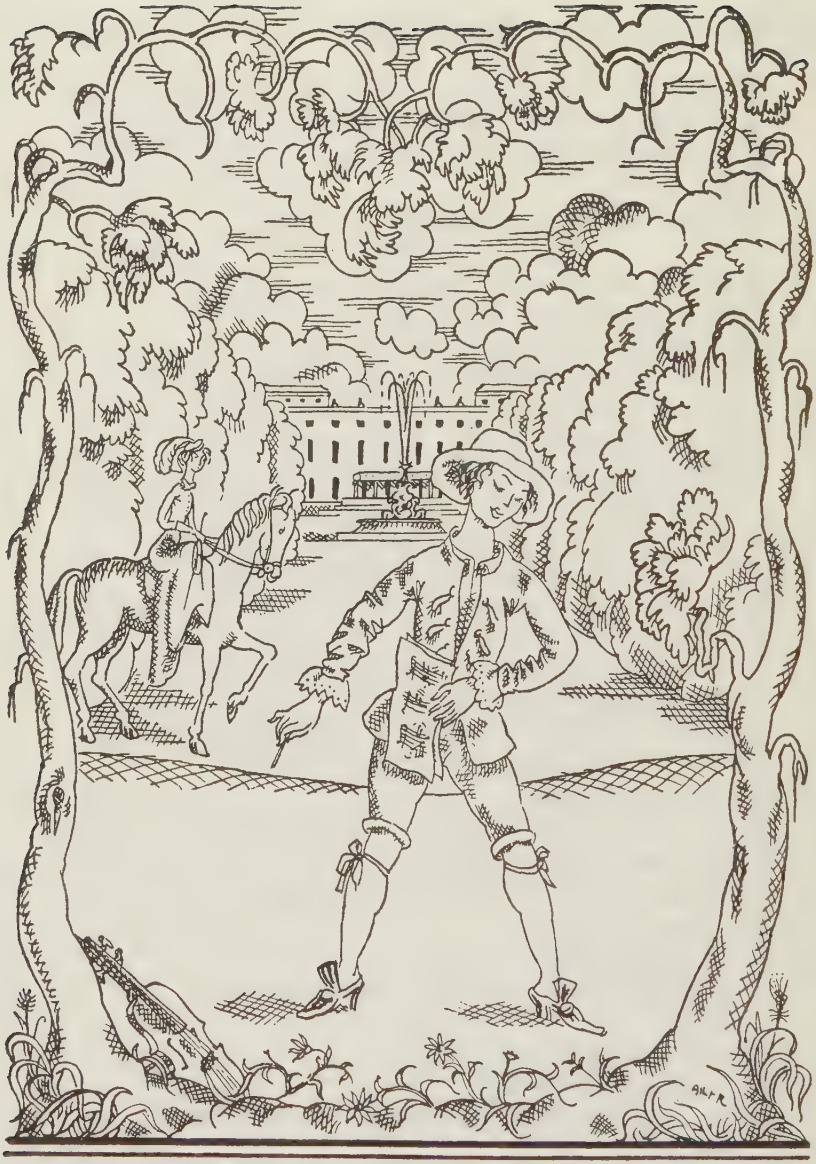
Mark Folly well:
But her divine disguising
Who may tell?
What golden spider in the mind, devising
How he should fling his unseen filmy rope,
Chanced here to shed
On trembling beech-twig tender overhead
His skein of airy hope?
On that day I
Lay leafy-lost, sun-sped,
Till greenlight fled
And the sky whispered, and a web was spun
Never to be undone.

Bent tree,
O hated part of me,
By what an iron cord you bind me now
Fast to your bitter bough!

The Bird that You Resemble

Geoffrey Scott

I HAVE never seen it;
But somewhere in a Patagonian forest gay
Or plumey mere of Paraguay
Must flit
The bird that you resemble.
Without name,
A spare, uncaptured, shapely painted thing
No naturalist has told of. Yet I know
The beauty of that body's balancing,
I know its contemplative perch, and how
Slanting it sidles on an insect quest
With step impulsive and precise and slim,
And every poise of that begilded crest;
A diver without aim;
A gleam; a question from a bough unguessed;
Once very near, and then a streak of flame,
And then—an echo through the valley
Of calls as lonely and as weird
As though a phantom broke its heart with rage . . .
These things I understand,
And how in pools where it has paused and peered
Its scarlet feet leave pricks upon the sand.
Men have dreamed
That such a bird might hang within a cage,
And dreamed the song
That not to any listener may belong.
Yet once it seemed
Most solitary-clear—
A passing stave at noontide singly blown
That I
Heard, and still hear,
Resounding suddenly
Down valleys of the mind, now you are flown.



JASON AND
THE PRINCESS

PEN DRAWING BY
ALBERT RUTHERSTON

A Girl of the Glens to her Careless Lover *W. M. Letts*

I THOUGHT I had forgotten you and found peace at last;
I had so busied myself with this and that,
In making griddle cake and soda bread,
In working linen on a little frame.
And all the time I sang lest anyone
Should pierce my thoughts with your name.

I thought I had forgotten you and grown so steadfast
That I could walk the hills with a careless step
And see the mountainy young lambs at play
And laugh at them, having left you behind;
But as I stood above the Glen Imaal
Your name was breathed by the wind.

I thought I had forgotten you so that the springtime
Would never repeat your promises again,
But all night long the corncrake shouted them,
And the full moon remembered how we met,
Even the white sweet hawthorn at the door
Remembered. Could I forget?

True, I had not forgotten you. I shared my secret
With whispering reeds round Lough Nahanagan.
The cuckoo in the woods near Kevin's bed
Called to us both the live long day. The scent
Of every whin bush held lost happiness;
It was vain to seek content.

I would pay golden guineas to win forgetfulness.
But no mountain lough would be deep enough
To hide from you, nor Lugnaquilla's crests
Be far enough away. The heather's breath
Would bring you to my thoughts. I doubt myself
I shall forget you in death.

Jungle

Douglas Garman

TWILIGHT, unnoticed, crept into the room,
And stole away
With toneless iteration of platitudes.

Hands falsely calm, lit candles on the wall,
And in white limbs
Tapers of expectant nerves—
And since there was nothing to say
We were silent.

Bending slim necks to an unruffled pool,
Gazelles stand motionless,
Listening to doves.

Hands and lips, like blind men feeling their way,
Made their inevitable pilgrimage,
Till she, in the surf of her discarded clothes
A crescent moon, stood curved about my head.

Behemoth crashes through the sleeping wood,
Wailing priapian anguish to the moon:
His head is bleeding with the wound of stars
And his feet are heavy with mud.

Alone

Siegfried Sassoon

'WHEN *I'm alone*'—the words tripped off his tongue
As though to be alone were nothing strange.
'*When I was young*,' he said; '*When I was young*' . . .

I thought of age, and loneliness, and change.
I thought how strange we grow when we're alone,
And how unlike the selves that meet, and talk,
And blow the candles out, and say good-night.
Alone . . . The word is life endured and known.
It is the stillness where our spirits walk
And all but inmost faith is overthrown.

ADORATION

WOOD ENGRAVING BY
MARION MITCHELL

"Georgian Poetry": a Correspondence between E. M. and Harold Monro.

My dear Eddie,

THERE is a suggestion I am so tempted to make that I really can't resist it. The booksellers clamour for a sixth volume of "Georgian Poetry," and five thousand copies could be sold—no more. From what you have said and written to me, I understand clearly that you have not sufficient confidence in the material available, and I have been of like mind, and have felt that the series might fittingly close; but lately I have been thinking that nevertheless several recent books could be drawn upon without disadvantage.

Some of them are volumes for extracts from which I feel certain you would not care to act as sponsor, although you well might not be unconscious of their merits. I will not at present mention any names. Naturally, several previous contributors would be included.

Far be it from me to want to drag out a "movement" after it has lost its natural impetus. But I have been coming to the conclusion during the past few months that just one more volume would round off the series by suggesting new directions. This view, I know, is not entirely compatible with your original objects. Nevertheless, circumstances alter continually with the progress of the years, and the original motives of "Georgian Poetry" are now slightly obscured, or have become diverted, by later developments.

If you think there is anything in my suggestion, would you like a preliminary investigation of all possible books undertaken immediately in order to find out whether my impression that a sixth volume might be possible has any real warrant?

Even if you had to cavil, or to object, or to question; or to doubt whether the poems that would be included were sufficiently suitable or important, would you nevertheless undertake to introduce such a volume into the world?

It would be a rare opportunity for you to sum up and round off the "movement" (I use the word advisedly in inverted commas),

and to comment upon new directions; and as much space as you felt inclined to use could be allotted to a critical Introduction.

Yours,

HAROLD MONRO.

MY DEAR HAROLD,

I have been thinking carefully over your letter, but I haven't succeeded in confuting the arguments which decided us a few months ago to announce that there would be no more " Georgian Poetry " books. My chief reason was that the series seems to me to have done its work. We set out with the single object of stimulating public interest in contemporary poetry, and I shall always cherish the belief that the books had a great deal to do with the marked growth of that interest which there has certainly been within the twelve years since we began. But whether *propter* or merely *post* what I like to think of as our success, there has been a pullulation of other anthologies which cover much the same ground as ours, and which, by appearing at shorter intervals, have taken the bread out of our mouths. If I tried to make a choice from the poetry which has been published since our last volume, I should find that the field has already been most efficiently reaped.

The other point is what you call the new directions. In my own opinion, I have always been catholic to a fault! but everyone must have his preferences, and mine have been for the verse which seemed to me to be in the direct line of tradition. I will not say that the " new directions " are not in that line, *de peur*, as M. Bergeret said, *d'offenser à la beauté inconnue;* but I own that my feelings towards their chief exponents is one of tepid and purblind respect, which would make me quite the wrong person to anthologize them, even if they had any wish to be anthologized by me, which is more than doubtful. And I hope it isn't dog-in-the-mangerish to feel that after being solely responsible for the previous books, I shouldn't care to come forward as sponsor for a selection made by somebody else from work with which I wasn't really in sympathy; still less to make my exit with the gesture of *morituri te saluto* which you seem to suggest. So I hope you won't be vexed if I stick to what we settled.

Yours ever,

E. M.

Notes on this Number of the Chapbook

Page 13. *Wood Engraving by André Derain.* One of ten illustrations to " L'Enchanteur Pourrissant " by the late Guillaume Apollinaire.

Page 18. *Wood Engraving by Paul Nash.* This is taken from " Wagner's Music Drama of the Ring," by L. Archier Leroy, and is reproduced here by kind permission of the publisher, Noel Douglas, of 38 Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1. It represents Scene 1 of *Das Rheingold*, at the bottom of the Rhine, and the effect of water and twilight is suggested by filtering light across transparent and partly-transparent veils drawn taut lengthwise over the stage.

Page 19. *Wood Engraving by Paul Nash.* This is taken from the same book. It represents the Hall of the Nieblings in the last scene of *Die Götterdämmerung*. The moonlight falls through three narrow windows on to the floor of the Hall.

Page 52. *Pen Drawing by E. McKnight Kauffer.* Illustration to Partition II, Section II, Member III, of Burton's " Anatomy of Melancholy," a New Edition in two volumes, limited to 750 copies, in preparation by the Nonesuch Press.

Page 55. *Pen Drawing by E. McKnight Kauffer.* Illustration to Partition I, Section II, Member I, Subsection VI, of Burton's " Anatomy of Melancholy," a New Edition in two volumes, limited to 750 copies, in preparation by the Nonesuch Press.

Pages 56 *and* 58. *Wood Engravings by Paul Nash.* Two of a series of designs in course of execution for a reprint of a small selection from the poems of Harold Monro.

Page 66. *Woodcut by Eric Daglish.* Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Ernest Benn Ltd., from " Woodcuts of British Birds," by E. Fitch Daglish, in preparation for publication in the autumn of 1925.

Page 67. *The Flight of Horses by F. R. Higgins.* The following note to this poem has been provided by the author:—

" After the recent developments of an Anglo-Irish literature, a poetry welling from the deep racial instincts of a Gaelic folk mind—with its vigorous colouring and hard emotion—is taking the field to-day. Quarrying in homely materials, we of the younger Irish poets, work through an idiom taken from Gaelic speech and impose on English verse the rhythm of a gapped music,

echoing the sweet twists of any quaint Connacht song and producing in Anglo-Irish lyric, with its exuberance and wild delicacy, the memories of an ancient technique. Like our Gaelic stock we are sun-bred; twilight for us is just the tremulous smoke of one day's fire. Not dreamers, but as drunkards with fire in the mind, our eyes reflect the richness of life, the intensity of a dark people still part of this landscape, moulding our song with sinew and bone. Therefore, in a succession of impressionistic pictures, the writer to whom, Gaelic-like, ' the half-said thing is dearest,' portrays the disappearance of primal horse-herds from our pine-stripped hills. He sees the Curragh racecourse a meeting-place for dealers in decadent horse-breeding, while haughty stallion-ways become a dream and their fir-lands merely a memory resuscitated for a moment in the coal seam of an industrialist."

Page 80. *Lino Engraving by Leon Underwood.* From the Series entitled " Human Proclivities." Eight engravings published by the St. George's Gallery.

Page 81. *Dream Exhibition of a Final World by Harold Monro.* The subject matter of this poem was derived from a series of actual dreams and nightmares, some on the same or successive nights, others at intervals of several months. The term *Final* is used to designate that condition of ultimate stupidity which, it appears, will inevitably precede the awakening of man to a recognition of his own intelligence, and to the meaning and object of human life.

Page 85. *Pen drawing by Elizabeth Pyke.* " Most masterful of queen-mothers, the intrepid Carathis, who ' preserved her countenance unaltered ' before ' the full effulgence of infernal majesty ' . . . ' She enjoyed most whatever filled others with dread.' . . . ' The haughty forehead of the intrepid Carathis became corrugated with agony.' "

Page 97. *Pen Drawing by Terence Prentis.*

> " . . . the leaneyed
> Cæsars borne neatly through enormous
> twilight surrounded by their triumphs. . . " (E. E. Cummings).

Page 106. *Pen Drawing by Albert Rutherston.* Permission to reproduce this drawing has been kindly given by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, publishers of " Jason and the Princess."

Page 114. *Wood Engraving by Leon Underwood.* A design for " Parables," by John Gould Fletcher, in preparation for publication by Kegan Paul.

WOOD ENGRAVING BY LEON UNDERWOOD

THE CHAPBOOK (A Miscellany) was born in July, 1919. The following is a list of the numbers that have already appeared:—

1919.

(1) JULY.—*Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
(2) AUGUST.—*Decoration in the Theatre.* By Albert Rutherston.
(3) SEPTEMBER.—*Poems Newly Decorated.*
(4) OCTOBER.—*Some French Poets of To-Day.* By F. S. Flint.
(5) NOVEMBER.—*Rhymes for Children,* with 70 appropriate woodcuts. (Out of Print.)
(6) DECEMBER.—*Four Songs: Nod. At the Turn of the Burn. Melmillo. Arabia.* (Out of Print.)

1920.

(7) JANUARY.—*A Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
(8) FEBRUARY.—*Modern Prose Literature:* A Critical Survey.
(9) MARCH.—*Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry.* By T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and F. S. Flint.
(10) APRIL.—*A Third Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
(11) MAY.—*Some Contemporary American Poets.* By John Gould Fletcher.
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(13) JULY.—*Thirteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.* (Also *Pins for Wings.*)
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(16) OCTOBER.—*Sixteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
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(18) DECEMBER.—*Three Songs: A Christmas Carol. Full Moon. Desire in Spring.*

1921.

(19) JANUARY.—*Eleven New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
(20) FEBRUARY.—*Puppets and Poets.* By E. Gordon Craig.
(21) MARCH.—*A House* (*Modern Morality Play*). By Ford Madox Hueffer.
(22) APRIL.—*Prose in Poetry* (*Three Essays*). By T. S. Eliot, Frederic Manning and Richard Aldington.
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(24) JUNE.—*A List of* 101 *Commendable Plays,* ancient and modern, with notes. (Out of Print.)

1922.

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(1922 (continued)

(28) AUGUST.—*New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
(29) SEPTEMBER.—*An Essay by Richard Aldington and a Satire by Osbert Sitwell.*
(30) OCTOBER.—*Twenty New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
(31) NOVEMBER.—*Prose and Verse Miscellany.*
(32) DECEMBER.—*One Day Awake* (*A Morality*). By Harold Monro.

1923.

(33) JANUARY.—*Poems, and a Survey of Literature in 1922.*
(34) FEBRUARY.—*Ham and Eggs, by Lascelles Abercrombie, and two other items.*
(35) MARCH.—*Poems & Woodcuts.*
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(37) MAY.—*Poems, Drawings and Mister Bosphorus.*
(38) JUNE.—*Poems, Woodcuts, Stories.*

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